

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
CIVIL WAR
—
MACON



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REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR



EMMA CASSANDRA RIELY MACON AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN
Costume described at page 34

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY
EMMA CASSANDRA RIELY MACON
AND
REUBEN CONWAY MACON

Adjutant, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry
Ewell's Division, Stonewall Jackson's
Corps, C. S. A.



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NO. 1

PREFACE

At the request of my daughter, Kate Conway Macon Paulson, I have consented to write my recollections of incidents pertaining to the War of 1861-65 to be handed down to my grandchildren and probably to my great grandchildren. But before entering upon the recital, I feel it but due to myself to make certain explanations, as my grandchildren will be educated in a more enlightened and cultured age.

I was but thirteen years of age when the war began. Schools soon closed and many fled from their homes, my sister Kate and myself among the number. I did not attend school again, as the war closed in April, 1865, and I married in November of the same year. Therefore, I must beg that these facts be borne in mind and great leniency be observed in reading these pages, remembering my limited opportunities in early life, owing to the war. To my granddaughters, who will no doubt and should disapprove of my early "turning out" and marriage, I can only plead as an excuse my early orphanage in 1862 and the peculiar circumstances surrounding me in times of war. The sight of a young girl or woman

was so rare as well as refreshing to the soldiers, that wherever the army encamped they would flock to your houses and every girl was compelled to be a belle. I was soon a full fledged young lady as far as dress and manners were concerned.

EMMA CASSANDRA RIELY MACON

Chestnut Hill, Orange county, Virginia, February
17, 1896.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY

EMMA CASSANDRA RIELY MACON

Born October 1, 1847,
at Winchester, Virginia

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

1861

Winchester, my home and birthplace, is situated in the lower Shenandoah Valley, thirty miles from Harper's Ferry to which point all Confederate troops hurried to take possession of the United States Arsenal and workshops. There were no railroads anywhere in the Valley at that time from Stanton to Winchester, and all troops had to march that distance before being transferred in cars from Winchester to Harper's Ferry. The Confederacy was then in its infancy, the quartermaster had no tents and scarcely any provisions prepared for them, and when the dear brave fellows — the flower of the land — who had just left their comfortable homes and reached Winchester footsore, weary, and hungry in changeable April weather, often in rain, the patriotic citizens could not see them turned out on Mother Earth with nothing but the sky to cover them, so they sent word to the quartermaster to divide them out among the people, which he did for weeks, until tents could be procured for them. Many a night, every bed, as well as the floors of the house, were filled with soldiers.

One night, Capt. J. H. Moore, of the 11th Mississippi regiment, was sent to us with twelve of his men to be taken care of for the night. I knew him well afterward, for whenever his regiment was encamped near Winchester, he was a frequent visitor at our house. He was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, and five years after the war a letter was advertised in Winchester for Miss Emma Riely. My brother sent it to me; it proved to be from Captain Moore's brother, living in Helena, Arkansas, saying he had just recovered his brother's Bible and diary which were on his person when killed and were stained with his life's blood. He said that he had found my name on many pages with comments and wished to know if I was married or single, and how situated. We have corresponded regularly since and quite a warm attachment has sprung up between us.

The ladies soon busied themselves making clothes and knitting socks for the soldiers. Sewing and knitting societies were formed and met every few days. I did not prove an adept at either — I succeeded in finishing one sock in the four years but the man would have had to be deformed to wear it for it was a succession of bumps all down the leg. Never having perseverance to knit a companion to it, I one day smuggled it into a box of clothing which was to be sent to camp, hoping it would be a comfort to some

poor unfortunate who had had one foot amputated. Nothing of any particular interest occurred that year that I can now recall except that Harper's Ferry was abandoned finally and the troops all encamped around Winchester under command of General Joseph E. Johnston. The girls all had a good time, for brass buttons and gold lace were very attractive. General Johnston was later on ordered to Manassas for the first battle there and we were left quiet for a time.

WINTER OF 1861 AND 1862

General Jackson had encamped in Winchester that winter and in the latter part of February a malignant type of scarlet fever broke out in our family. My mother was ill at the time, having been paralyzed. Everyone avoided the house on account of the fever, and it was with difficulty that we could get a minister to bury the dead, our minister having a family of young children. Katie Gordon, my niece, died the night of the day that she was taken sick. My little sister, Mary Percival, was taken sick Friday evening and died on Sunday morning. Two children of our cook died during the same week. My youngest sister, Evelyn, and my mother were both very ill. My mother's sister, then Mrs. O'Bannon, a widow, now Mrs. Lewis B. Williams (and living with me at present), was living with us at the time, taking care

of us as our mother was an invalid. She continued to live with us and be a mother to us as long as we kept our house and were together. She afterwards came to Orange, Virginia, to live with me, where she married a second time and is again a widow. She is proverbial for her flow of spirits and is very amusing, giving the comical side to everything. She is often referred to in these reminiscences as auntie, or Aunt Em.

My mother lingered until the Saturday after my sister's death. On Sunday, it was rumored that General Jackson was going to evacuate Winchester and leave it in the hands of the enemy. My brothers, two of whom were with him, feared they would be ordered off before the funeral, which was to take place on Monday morning. Monday afternoon my brother, Chap, came in and said it was true that Jackson would leave the next day, and that Kate (now Mrs. Latimer Small) and myself must get ready to leave as he was not willing that we should remain behind. We had never seen a Yankee in uniform then and imagined even women and children were unsafe in their hands. We rebelled very much at leaving auntie alone with Evelyn who was still so ill, but she said the carriage and horses had to be taken out of the lines and we must get in and go also; that we need only take a small trunk as we would be

absent but a short time, probably only a week or two, as the movement was supposed to be only a decoy to entice the Yankees, as we called all the troops, up the Valley, then to give battle, whip, and capture them. We had no time to prepare any mourning so we could only throw into our trunks such as we had, which was poor at best.

A friend was hurriedly dispatched to furnish, if possible, two crepe bonnets and veils, and she succeeded in finding two, either of which were old enough in style for our grandmother, if she had been living.

We set out for Mt. Airy, the beautiful home of my friends, the Meems's. Mt. Airy is the finest estate in the upper Shenandoah Valley, and is quite a historic place now as the battle known in history as Rhode's Hill was fought on part of it. Not far from it, the battle of Newmarket was fought, where the young boys from the Virginia Military Institute were called out, and, children as they were, sacrificed their lives for their country. Mt. Airy is just outside of Mt. Jackson, a village in the Valley of Virginia, where before and during the war they kept open house, owning hundreds of slaves. Some had been taught to play on different musical instruments until they had a fine band, and the house being always filled with guests, dancing was one of the principal amusements. After remaining there for a week, my brother found

Jackson was going to fall back beyond there and we would have to go over to Luray, which we did, stopping with Mrs. Meems's mother, Mrs. Jordan. She was also an old friend of the family. After leaving Kate and myself with these friends, my brother took the carriage and horses on to Stanton. Later developments proved that we had just as well stayed in Winchester, for General Shields of the United States Army came into Luray and encamped there and part of his staff had headquarters in the Jordan house.

While there, they arrested every male citizen in the town, keeping them confined in the court house building two weeks, giving them the option of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States government, or going to prison. This oath made you swear on a Bible that you would never, by word or act, give aid or succor to the rebellion, as the Yankees called the Southern Confederacy. Very few could take this oath without pain because they had sons and relatives in our army. To promise never to give them shelter, food, or raiment was next to impossible. There were some who were not scrupulous about an oath and were fainthearted and willing to swear to anything rather than go to prison indefinitely, leaving their families to suffer in their absence. After taking the oath they were released, but much the larger portion was sent to prison.

General Shields left Luray to fight the battle of Port Republic and returned there after his defeat by Stonewall Jackson. The battle of Cross Keys, in which your father was wounded the first time, was fought on Sunday, and Port Republic on Monday.

There lived in Luray Mr. John Lionberger, who was a Union man; that is, he was opposed to the war and was a member of the Virginia convention held to decide whether Virginia should remain in the Union. He voted against secession which, at the time when the feeling ran very high and when everyone not with us was considered a traitor, made him very unpopular. He had an only son, a handsome youth of nineteen years who, notwithstanding his father's opposition, entered our army. The Lionbergers were own cousins to the Jordans, so Kate and myself stayed as much at one house as at the other. John Lionberger fell desperately in love with Kate. One night when all Luray was asleep, two soldiers crept into the town, which was not occupied at that time by either army but was subject to raids or dashes from either side. These two soldiers had obtained leave of absence from their respective commanders, pleading sickness, which in reality was only love sickness. Captain Harris, who was on General Wilcox's staff, of North Carolina, was engaged to Miss Lionberger. (He was in Congress last session from Kansas).

John Lionberger was sick to see Kate. They had to steal in at night so that no one (particularly the servants) should know that they were there, for should the enemy come in suddenly upon them and the information be given, they would be made prisoners at once. It was in mild spring weather and the Lionberger girls kept them locked in their guest chamber until the servants, having finished their morning housework, had returned to their cabins.

Then began the search for some good hiding place for them, should the Yankees come in suddenly. Their garret was one that could only be reached by a ladder that came down in a large closet and was seldom, if ever, used. Up in this garret the sides of the wall had been ceiled or planked up as far as the sloping of the roof would admit. The young men decided to saw out a square piece large enough for them to crawl through and then the piece could be fitted back after they had gone through by some one on the outside and something carelessly set in front of the opening. Having arranged all the details carefully, they began to prepare to enjoy themselves.

One of the girls sent a note up to the Jordans inviting Kate down to spend a week. I could not at the time understand why I was left out of the invitation but I continued to go down once or twice a day and often felt convinced that the girls were losing their

minds as they were very prim and prudish, or silly and giggling by turns. I afterwards understood it all. The young men were under the bed when I was letting my tongue loose, unconscious of their presence. Everyone had to economize in those days and when our army was not there, they made a sitting room of one of their chambers.

The Lionberger's chamber had a handsome old fashioned poster bedstead, such as Noah must have used when in deep water. I thought when a child they were lovely and for fear my grandchildren may never see one, I will describe them. Some were exceedingly handsome — posts six or seven feet high, beautifully carved rosewood or mahogany. These four posts were held together at the top by a carved railing like a window cornice. In winter handsome dark red or chintz and in summer lace or dotted muslin curtains were draped from the railing and gracefully caught to each post and tied with colored ribbons and bows or else with cord and tassels. Around the bottom was a frill or valance gathered full which hid from view all under the bed which was three feet from the floor. A pair of steps prettily painted and covered with bright carpet was brought out every night and put by the side of the bed, for they were very necessary in order to reach this place of repose. I used to imagine I was ascending the

steps to a throne. The getting there was altogether pleasant but if nightmare overtook you and you fell out, a dislocated spine was the sure result.

This was the style of bedstead these young men were secreted under whenever visitors arrived, so that they might have the benefit of the news and gossip unobserved. A slight festoon in the fringe allowed them to watch many things which caused violent giggling spells among the girls. On one occasion I made a bad break. Fleas had become hungry like everything else in the Confederacy and had taken the town by storm; on this occasion, they seemed to have taken a special liking for me. A whole regiment had taken possession of my anatomy and jumping up suddenly with the intention of annihilating several hundred, I found myself seized by the arms and I was hustled off into an adjoining room amidst peals of laughter. Thinking I had fallen among lunatics and recognizing suppressed male laughter, I demanded an explanation and they had to tell me the whole secret of the mystery for fear I would create another sensation, but I would rather have faced a cannon ball than those young men, so I took my companions and beat a hasty retreat.

A few days later, we wakened one morning to find the town full of Yankee soldiers, and they had come to stay, and, of course, we were exceedingly anxious

about the young men who were in Mr. Lionberger's house. The servants had by this time caught glimpses of trays being carried up stairs. Whilst they did not know for whom intended, they strongly suspected they were for soldiers and soon informed the authorities they were there. Yankee soldiers came in squads for two days and searched, but could not find them, which only enraged them for they were convinced that, if not in that house, they were secreted somewhere in the town. The young men became alarmed when they heard that the order had been issued to search every house in town until they were found. Sentinels were placed every fifty yards on the street to prevent their escape.

Luray, at that time, had only one well of water to supply six or eight families, so the Lionbergers got their supply of water across the street. The young men and girls held a consultation over the situation and decided something must be done at once or they would be prisoners, so they concluded to hire one of the citizens to flank the pickets and go out and tell Colonel Harry Gilmore the danger they were in and ask him to dash in suddenly with his cavalry and surprise the Yankees, if only long enough to rescue them. It was then thought best to separate, for if the Yankees should get as far as Mr. Lionberger's in the search before Gilmore came, if both were in the

same house, both would be captured. So when nearly dark the sentinel was asked if we could go across the street and get water for the night and morning, to which he consented. John Lionberger with his sister's dress on over his uniform and a sunbonnet on his head with two girls, also wearing sunbonnets, each carrying a bucket, went across the street and into Miss Overall's back yard to get water. John Lionberger, Kate, and Sallie Lionberger remained, and Miss Overall, the white hired girl, and myself returned with the water, for I had spent the night before with my cousin, Miss Overall, who was also a refugee.

We were not allowed by the sentinel (who passed all night long in front of the house to prevent the escape of the young men) to have any lights and we had lots of fun creeping around in the dark, not knowing whether we were encountering friend or foe, but knowing the house would be searched very early (possibly before we were out of bed). We had to be prepared accordingly, so Captain Harris had to be put away in his cramped quarters under the rafters to be ready for the searching party. When day dawned, all was in readiness.

At Overall's, they made John Lionberger divest himself of his coat, vest, and shoes. The mattress was taken off and he got in on the slats, putting his

wearing apparel alongside of him. Then the mattress was put on top of him, extra pillows being used to make it level underneath. The bed was then made up and his sister, in her calico wrapper, with her head bound up in cabbage leaves, was at the first signal of the approach of the searching party, to get in bed on top of him and when they entered the room to search, she was to be heaving violently and Kate Riely to be holding the bowl for her, which would prevent their removing the beds, as they often did in searching one's house.

Ten o'clock had arrived and they were searching Mr. Flynn's house, next door to Lionberger's, and anxiety was at its highest tension for we had about abandoned all hope of rescue by Gilmore and taken it for granted that the men sent out had either been captured or had failed to find him. Just as all hope had vanished, simultaneously with a volley of musketry in the street we recognized the famous "Rebel yell," never to be forgotten by those whose good fortune it has been to hear it. Looking out, we saw the Yankee cavalry, sentinels, searching party, and all running and firing as they ran, and soon Colonel Gilmore's dear face appeared at the head of his men. They drove the enemy to the extreme end of the town, which gave the prisoners time to get out of their hiding places. John Lionberger came

out in his sock feet and shirt sleeves and jumped up behind a cavalryman, and Captain Harris did the same. We all rushed into the street, huzzahing and waving our handkerchiefs, and gave them a hearty welcome. Sallie Lionberger (who was a beauty) in the excitement forgot to remove the bandage and cabbage leaves, and with wrapper on appeared at the door to wave to them. The Yankees soon saw the purpose of the raid and that there were only about one hundred and fifty or two hundred men with Gilmore, so they quickly rallied and charged Gilmore, who immediately beat a hasty retreat.

It was found that Bettie Jordan had a narrow escape. When she heard the firing she rushed to the window just as a bullet crashed through the glass and imbedded itself in the wall back of her, but the particles of glass had cut her face badly.

We were busy rejoicing over the release of the young men and hoping they would not be overtaken when a guard of men arrived with orders from the general commanding us to pack and be ready to leave the house in a few hours and be put into our lines. The house was to be burned to the ground as a punishment for our treason. It did not disturb Kate and myself very much for we were without a home just then and all we had pretty much was on our backs, but poor old Mr. Lionberger was in a frenzied state

at the prospect of losing his home and, worst of all, he was innocent of any knowledge of the boys being hidden in his house all this time.

He was a widower and almost in a melancholy state over the war, being, as I said, before a Union man not in sympathy with his people. His apartments were in a wing of the house and he was a great reader and apparently oblivious to his surroundings. So imagine his astonishment and dismay to find himself and family in such a predicament. He hurried at once to the general's headquarters and pleaded with him for hours to spare his home and rescind the orders putting us out of the lines promising it should never occur again under *any circumstances*. The girls in the meantime, fearing the worst, were gathering together some of their possessions but like most young people not realizing the gravity of the situation. We were rather elated at the prospect of seeing all our friends and wondering if there was any chance of seeing Colonel So-and-So, Captain or Mr. So-and-So, and looking forward with pleasure to that time when we should land in the Confederacy. I can recall poor old Mr. Lionberger's exhausted condition when he returned just before dark, to say the general had at last consented to allow us to remain.

In the latter part of May, "Stonewall" Jackson's army passed through Luray enroute to Winchester

1862

to drive General Banks out. Kate and myself were overjoyed at seeing our brothers and friends, expecting to follow on behind them as soon as the excitement of the battle was over.

It was on this march that Mr. Macon tells of passing a farm house just outside Luray where a female stood in the doorway waving her handkerchief to the soldiers as they passed by. A man from the ranks yelled out, "Oh! Lady, that's mighty pretty but can't you throw us a piece of meat and bread?" and finally, a soldier stepped up to her and said, "Madam, won't you give me a piece of bread?" "I am sorry but there isn't a piece in the house." "Well, Madam, anything in the way of something to eat will be acceptable." "I am very sorry, but the army has been passing all day long and I have given all I have away." "Madam, could you give me a glass of milk, then?" "I am so sorry but they have drank up every drop." "Well, Madam, give me a glass of water, then." "I am so sorry but there isn't a drop in the house, but the servant has gone to the spring for some, but the spring is some distance from the house." "Well, Madam, then, can't you give me a kiss?" It is needless to add that she still declined, but he thought he had at last hit upon something she could contribute to the cause. It had the effect at least of amusing and cheering up the poor weary

Confederates as they halted before her door, waiting for orders to march.

In Winchester, the citizens were all on the qui-vive, as Banks had possession of the town, and when they heard that Jackson was moving down the Luray Valley, there was suppressed anxiety among them and excitement as to the result. The Yankees were expecting Jackson down the Shenandoah Valley, for they did not know then of this short valley, called the Massanutten Valley, from Newmarket (via Luray) to Front Royal. Jackson had made a forced march, and completely surprising the enemy at Front Royal, had captured a large quantity of stores and provisions. Our men were exhausted from the long forced march, with but little food, and were compelled to rest that night at Front Royal, which gave the enemy time to retreat to Winchester, eighteen miles distant. But early the next morning, Jackson was at their heels and they ran pell mell through the streets.

My aunt gave a very amusing account of how she tried to find out what was the matter when she saw them running by the house, dropping canteens, coffee pots, skillets, etc., but no one would stop long enough to answer her. After awhile she heard a great noise and, looking out, saw an officer running, his sword clanking on the pavement with every step. He was so large and fat that he could scarcely get along and

was then completely out of breath. His tongue was hanging out and he was panting audibly with each step, and she said to herself, here's my chance — he will be glad to stop long enough to talk and rest, so as soon as he got near enough, she said in her most pleading tones, "Oh! do please stop and tell me what on earth is the matter." "My God, Madam, I haven't time. The Rebs are upon us and I'll be captured if I stop." So without ever halting, he pushed on, too weary even to hold up his sword. History records all the details of the capture, so I will pass on and only add that our servants all ran off with the Yankees and were captured and brought back, protesting they only ran because they were afraid they would be killed if there was a battle in Winchester.

Just as Kate and myself were getting ready to set out for home, we heard that Jackson was falling back, leaving Winchester again in the hands of the enemy. We were greatly distressed for, having gone out hurriedly prepared for two weeks' absence, three months had elapsed, and our wardrobes were sadly in need of replenishing. A month later Belle Boyd, the Confederate female spy, was in Winchester and my aunt got her to bring us a carpet bag full of clothes when she ran the blockade. I am sure it was opened and its contents were admired with as eager delight, as ever a trunkful of Paris creations of modern date has

been by one of your society belles of the present day. How you would all laugh now if you could only have seen some of the costumes worn by us during the war and which we considered so fetching then. Skirt braid, made of all gay colors of worsted, was our only trimming, and we would have row after row and bunch after bunch tearing around our skirts in the wildest curves or plaited up to represent ribbon. Our hair would be decorated with it also in place of ribbons, which were not to be had. Popcorn strung on threads and wound in our hair and around our necks was supposed to represent pearls and was our decoration for party occasions. This was a most convenient fashion as our parties were all of the starvation order (nothing to eat), and if one became very hungry, a few strands of popcorn were very convenient and acceptable.

When Jackson withdrew from Winchester, he left some of his sick and wounded behind in hospitals and private houses. My aunt had at our house Mr. Lewis and servant from Louisiana. Few young men in the Southern army were without their men servants to wait upon them.

Very soon after the Yankees returned to Winchester, my aunt and sister waited one morning for the summons to breakfast and not hearing the usual troop of servants in the house, my sister, Mrs. Gor-

don, who has an impediment in her speech, got up to investigate the matter. She soon returned and said to my aunt, "Dit out of dat bed. Every last nigger [negro] has run off and how on earth are we doin' to dit breakfast," for neither of them knew the first rudiments of cooking. Simon, Mr. Lewis's servant, proved invaluable in this line as he had been a cook on his master's plantation. Thirteen of our servants had gone in a gang. Mr. Lewis was paroled by the enemy and told to report to the hospital as soon as able, to be sent off to prison. He was not in a hurry to exchange his comfortable home for prison life; therefore, he feigned illness long after he was really able to go. One day my aunt heard the Yankees were going all around town, examining the sick and wounded in private houses, preparatory to sending them to prison. Mr. Lewis was loath to go and planned to deceive them and thereby put off the evil hour a little longer if possible.

Evelyn Riely, now Mrs. Wolcott, then a child of six or seven years of age, had been extremely ill with scarlet fever, as I mentioned in the early part of my story, and after getting nearly over that, was taken with a relapse which proved to be brain fever, or what would be termed now spinal meningitis, her head being drawn back upon her spine and her eyes crossed. She was just recovering from this last attack, though

still in bed, and after she had fallen asleep, it was decided that Mr. Lewis should get in with her very quietly, lest he should arouse her and she would want to know what he was doing there and make him get out. When the examining party came, he was to pull the cover up over his mustache while Evelyn was to be fixed so as not to be discernible. They did not reach our house until after the lamps were lighted and my aunt met them at the front door with a "Hush! hush! Please be very quiet. I have a very ill child with a malignant type of scarlet fever. She has just fallen asleep and I fear if your footsteps should arouse her and she finds her room full of soldiers, the shock will be fatal, so I beg of you, if possible, to spare me this risk tonight. Mr. Lewis is also quite sick." Being mortally afraid of the fever, they only went to the door and looked in to assure themselves there was really some one in bed, and turned and left the house quietly as requested. They did not come again until the next batch of prisoners were ready to be sent off. When Mr. Lewis could no longer deceive them, he bade adieu to his new friends who, though a stranger, had taken him into their hearts and home.

He left a rich legacy in Simon, his faithful servant, begging us to take good care of him until he should be exchanged and return to the army. He stayed

with us and was a treasure. I always had my doubts about Simon. He parted his hair in the middle, which was not at all the custom in those days, wore earrings, and had a most effeminate voice. He was a devout Episcopalian and never omitted services, attending with prayer book in hand, for he could read, which was not the case with a great many slaves. He delighted in singing Southern war songs and loved to hear us sing them, "Maryland, my Maryland" being one of his favorites until he followed his master under Stonewall Jackson the summer of 1862 into Maryland when the troops marched day after day to that tune. After the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, Simon reached our house after dark and we did not know he was on the place until his dusky face appeared at the parlor door where Kate and myself were fairly splitting our throats singing "Maryland, my Maryland." At sight of him, we stopped to greet him and to ask about the troops. He began by saying "For God sake, don't never sing dat ar tune no more. I'se bin marchin' and a marchin' to dat ar tune all day long and I never does want to hear Maryland, my Maryland no more, as long as dere's bref in me. I dun seed all I wants to see of Maryland, my Maryland. God knows I is, for a fact."

Our house soon filled up with wounded from that battle. Two were in each vacant room, among them

General Smith, better known in Virginia's history as "Extra Billy," and three times governor of Virginia. His companion was Colonel Catlett Gilson, an officer in his brigade. We found out later that they were not on speaking terms but by accident had been put into the same ambulance when wounded and sent to our house, and there they remained for weeks without ever exchanging a word.

Imagine what a cheerful time they must have had, especially in the "wee sma' hours" of the night, both suffering agony from wounds and neither exchanging a word of sympathy for the other. If they had been women, I bet they would have broken the silence at any cost.

To return to Luray where Kate and myself were still detained as Jackson fell back, going up the Shenandoah Valley, and Shields came to Luray. Finding ourselves again in the enemy's lines, we had to content ourselves as best we could. July and August were quiet, uneventful months to us in Luray and we grew terribly homesick. I longed to be at home once more to see auntie, Evelyn, and my brother Charles who had been living in St. Joseph, Missouri, and had not been home for twelve years. But on account of sympathy, openly expressed, for the South, he had been given twenty-four hours to leave the place and had recently arrived in Winchester, intending later

to join the Southern army. Recent letters from home, which had been smuggled through the lines, had informed us of his arrival there and his great desire to see Kate and myself. Then, too, I was a dear lover of coffee and I longed once more for a taste of the genuine article, for I was surfeited with Confederate coffee which was rye, washed and ground, and for lack of sugar, sweetened with honey or molasses, so you can imagine what a dose it was. Towards the close of the war, even this would have been considered a luxury, for when rye could not be had, toasted corn, chestnuts, or sweet potatoes, toasted and ground, were used. As it no longer deserved the name of coffee, we dubbed it "beverage" in derision. Unlike coffee, the longer you boiled it, the better it was and my dear friend Miss Sherrard always put her breakfast "beverage" on the stove the night before and as the fire rarely ever went out, it simmered all night and a prime article was ready for breakfast.

In August I grew restless and desperate and felt as though I could not stand separation from home any longer. I proposed to Kate that we should hire a conveyance and driver and go home. "What! through the Yankee lines," she exclaimed. I said, "Yes, I feel like I would be willing to encounter the whole army rather than stay any longer." She said

she proposed to remain where she was, so I determined to see if I could find any one who would go with me. A Miss Burracker, who had relatives in Clarke county (just below Winchester), agreed to go with me. The next difficulty that confronted us was to find a suitable driver and an old horse that the Yankees wouldn't take if you offered to give it to them. After many discouragements, I succeeded in getting Mr. Hart to drive. He was one of the citizens mentioned in the early part of my recital who took the "oath of allegiance" rather than go to prison. He agreed to furnish wagon and horse, and as I thought he had more judgment about what would be necessary to carry us to our place of destination I left the matter to him and asked no further questions.

The night before we were to start, he came to tell me that there would be another passenger to take along, but feeling perfect confidence in his ability to manage the tour, I did not demur. The next morning I was told the vehicle was at the door and all made ready to see me set off on this risky expedition, not knowing whether I would be permitted to enter Winchester after all my trouble.

It was not an arduous task bringing out my luggage, for I had only a small carpet bag, and that not crowded, which held all my worldly goods. I laugh

even now as I recall how ridiculously I was attired for this long ride of forty-three miles which was to consume nearly two days in hot August weather. Thinking perhaps you will be entertained with a description of it, I will describe my outfit for you. The crepe bonnet and veil that were purchased so hurriedly on leaving home was of the coal scuttle shape, wide flaring front, the same in style as I had seen my grandmother wear, being much too old in style for my mother's day. A profusion of quillings and bows adorned the outside, and the veil was adjusted by means of a silk cord run through a narrow hem and then tied on to the bonnet. Although only fourteen years of age, I could readily have been taken for Mrs. Noah. Large hoopskirts were all the rage then and I had deemed myself very fortunate in securing one of the largest. It would have been more sensible to have left them behind in Luray, as space was a thing to be considered in this crowded vehicle, but I could not make up my mind to part with the only stylish part of my paraphernalia, so I wore them, even at the risk of getting tied up in the wheels. This expensive crinoline was covered by a dress of black serge, flounced to the knees. It was cut with a round neck and bell sleeves, allowing the August rays to penetrate more easily. A pair of congress gaiters made of black worsted stuff and having gum ribbing

on the sides completed this remarkable attire. The sole of each shoe was an inch thick with letters which elevated my foot when in the shoe so as to make the ankle of it strike me across the instep. You can imagine the comfort! These letters were given to me to be smuggled through the lines and were from young men in the army to their families and friends in Winchester and Baltimore.

Having described my outfit, I must now tell you about the handsome equipage and the proud prancing steed that was to convey me to my home. When it was announced that both were at the door waiting, the entire household arose to say "good-bye." They expected to see me return in the next few days, as they thought it extremely doubtful if I would be allowed to enter Winchester. Altogether it was a most unwise venture on my part. When we reached the street, peal after peal of laughter rent the air as the girls caught sight of the turnout, and when I put my organs of vision upon it, my heart sank within me and I think I would have abandoned the trip then and there if I had not disliked to be teased, and the more the girls laughed and ridiculed, the more resolved I became to brave all and go.

The wagon was called a "jersey." Every part of it had long since seen its best days. Straw had been put in the bottom and cushions out of an old carriage

were put on top of it for us to sit on. The front seat was to be occupied by Mr. Hart and a poor half dead Confederate soldier who had consumption and had taken the oath that he might go home to die. The horse was supposed to be bay in color but his hide stuck so close to his bones that the sun had faded him a terra cotta. You could count every rib in his body, and his hip bones would have furnished an excellent rack for my expansive hoops (which were then scraping the wheels) if I could only have been allowed a front seat, but as I was situated, mine scraped the wheels, whilst Miss B.'s hung over the back of the wagon. In addition to his feeble aspect, this proud steed had springhalt and jerked up one leg at each step as though he had trodden on a hot coal of fire. Nothing daunted, though, I set out amidst peals of laughter and a merry "good-bye" from all.

Luray was twenty-five miles from Front Royal, and Front Royal was eighteen miles from Winchester. We made an early start, expecting to reach Front Royal early in the afternoon, have a good night's rest, and set out early next morning. But, alas! we were sadly disappointed, for although the days were long, it was dark when we reached there, for we had not gone ten miles from Luray before the old horse showed decided symptoms of a general collapse. In fact, for awhile it was a serious question which would

depart first, the soldier or the horse, for the August rays had not proved strengthening to either. We turned into the first piece of woodland we came to as soon as we discovered it was imperative, and whilst we ate our lunch and discussed the situation, the soldier stretched himself out in the bottom of the wagon, saying he could no longer sit up. The nag greedily devoured what seemed to be his first square meal, for I am sure even an X-ray would have failed to find any suspicion even of food in his stomach before this meal.

When it was decided to set out again, Mr. Hart informed us we three would have to walk, as it was all the horse could do to pull the wagon and soldier. As it was "Hobson's choice" I took up the line of march in my new shoes, and as I walked I could feel the letters settling and my foot gaining further entrance into the shoe. Whenever we came to a stream, we had an opportunity to rest whilst the wheels soaked, for the tires threatened to leave us constantly. Occasionally we were allowed to get in and ride a mile or so, but Mr. Hart walked all the way, for he was a large stout man, whilst Miss B. and myself weighed about 115 pounds each.

We expected to spend the night with Miss Turner at Front Royal, and when we drove up to her house and told her of our intention (it was then dusk) she

said she would be glad to entertain us, but if it was our intention to go to Winchester next day, we would have to cross the Shenandoah river that night, as the Yankees were preparing then to evacuate Front Royal and were then firing the bridges behind them. We would have to hurry if we expected to cross.

The river forks at Front Royal, and before the war two handsome iron bridges spanned each fork of this river, but they had been burned some time before and pontoon bridges, which were bridges made of boats for transporting troops across, had been substituted, and it was these bridges they were preparing to burn.

As we looked towards the river we saw the lights and hurried on. When we reached there, we found they had great piles of lightwood (pine) first to the right and then to the left at intervals of a few feet and they had already begun to set fire to them. As we crossed, the flames were so uncomfortably near us that we had to clamp our hoops to our sides, and walk behind the wagon. If the old nag had seemed slow before, now, in our feverish anxiety to get out of danger of the flames, he appeared a veritable snail. We feared every moment that the spokes of the wheels would catch, and certainly our tires were not being improved. I felt several times as if I would like to apply a torch to him to see if even *that* would induce him to "get a move on himself," for we had

yet to cross the other fork of the river and were growing uneasy about the condition of that bridge when we would reach it. Being pitch dark, save for the lights from the fires, we could not calculate distance.

Just as we stepped off the last bridge in an exhausted condition, we came upon a large body of cavalry drawn up in the road. An officer stepped out and cried, "Halt! halt!" It is needless to say that we did not persist in going on. He asked who we were and where we were going, etc. On being told that I was going to my home in Winchester and the men had taken the oath, he said that we could proceed. It was so dark we could scarcely see our way. All of us were walking, as we had been for miles, except the soldier who lay in the wagon.

Mr. Hart had lived in that neighborhood for years and knew all the people and roads, but the darkness had confused him and he said to the officer, "Which is the road to Winchester?" as there were two at that point. He replied, "Wait and follow us. We are waiting to finish burning the bridges and then we are going there." We sat down on the road side in the dark with all these Yankees (a regiment or two) in front of us.

In half an hour the order, "Forward, march," was given and as the last soldiers filed past us, we started

with them. We had only gone a short distance, about 150 yards, when the cavalry turned to the left and went down into what seemed to us a dark hollow, although there was a road straight ahead. I told Mr. Hart that nothing would induce me to follow them there — that I would rather go a mile out of the way for the night. He said, “Well, I am sure we are on the right road anyhow, but I am going to tell you ladies that the nearest house is nearly five miles distant and I know you are completely broken down, but when you reach that house it is the home of a good old Baptist preacher, Brother Painter, and you will have a good shelter for the night.” So, encouraged by the prospect of a warm welcome, we decided to try and hold out to get there.

Whilst we were discussing the situation, the cavalry still stood in this dark black place and the soldiers would call out to us, “Come along, girls.” “You are poor soldiers.” “You are too slow.” “Forward, march, girls.” “Do you want to get up behind me,” etc. Just as we had decided to go on, a single cavalryman rode up and took off his hat and said, “Don’t listen to those men. You are on the right road. We have only turned aside to wait for a detachment of men who are at the river waiting for the burning of the last bridge. If you do not object, I will ride with you a little distance to see that you are

not molested." Of course, Miss B. and myself were as much afraid of one soldier as we would have been of a whole company, but we were afraid to be anything but very polite and tried to hide our timidity. So we entertained him with our tedious travels of the day.

Very soon we came upon a little creek that was spanned by a wooden bridge, the floor of which had been torn up, leaving only one wide plank to walk across. Mr. Hart said, "Now, ladies, what are we to do. The floor of the bridge is in such a condition that the wagon cannot cross and I will have to go higher up the stream, and what are you going to do, for I'm sure the horse cannot pull us all?" The Yankee soldier very gallantly and promptly replied, "Leave the ladies with me. I will take care of them and see them safely across the bridge." With that he dismounted, tied his horse to a beam of the bridge and striking a match to reconnoiter the passway, as well, no doubt, as to catch a glimpse of his two companions, he proceeded to extend his hand to help one at a time across the plank. Not a word was spoken, for from the moment of Mr. Hart's announcement and the proffer of assistance from the soldier, our hearts were choking us and beating so wildly from fright that, listen as we would, we could not hear the wagon coming until it was upon us and I heard the

soldier saying he must return to his command as he was absent without leave. I then recovered my senses sufficiently to thank him for his kindness and to invite him to call at my home if he came to Winchester. I then asked him his regiment, which he said was the 1st Maryland Cavalry, and I replied that I was sure he was a Southern gentleman from the start. We parted and never heard of him any more.

About one-half a mile or more further on, when we had just congratulated ourselves that the worst was over, we came upon the baggage train. The wagons were standing in the road with a guard waiting for the command of cavalry we had left at the river to join them. I suppose they had been there for some time, for one-half of the horses were lying down on the road in their harness, and the drivers were asleep, so the road was covered with a perfect network almost impassable for any one. We would suddenly find ourselves stumbling over a mule's or horse's legs which would make him attempt to rise. We were in danger of being knocked down and trampled by them at any moment. Perhaps I did not pray by snatches! I was longing to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

That morning a wagon resembling ours had come over from Williamsport, Maryland, to sell tobacco to the army, and seeing ours, the teamsters and guards crowded around in the dark to buy tobacco, and for

some time we could not make them understand that we were not the party and begged them to make way for us and let us pass.

We finally found ourselves alone once more on the highway, and by way of cheering us up and encouraging us to hold out longer, Mr. Hart began to tell us of the nice quarters we were soon to reach and the cordial greeting and welcome we were to receive from the good old Baptist preacher.

The moon was just rising, and it helped to make us feel brighter, for the extreme darkness had been most depressing. But when we caught a glimpse of a light and a house and were told it was Mr. Painter's, we felt like shouting. We stopped in front of the gate and sat down while Mr. Hart went to the house to renew his acquaintance and ask him to take us in for the night. To our utter amazement, we heard him say that it was impossible — that the Yankees were coming and he did not know that he would have a house over his head by morning, and we might be considered spies and it would compromise him. Mr. Hart pictured our exhausted condition and said it was impossible for us to go further, but the heartless old rascal (for even to this day I feel as if I would make it warm for him if I could get hold of him) still refused and had the audacity to recommend some one else's house to us. "I advise you to go three-

quarters of a mile further to Mr. McKay's. He has a large house and can accommodate you.'

It was then nine o'clock, and but for the Yankees being on our heels, I would gladly have laid down there right on the road side, not even considering the propriety of the thing. But there was nothing to be done but to get up, shake out my hoops, and lift what I supposed were my feet and move on, but they had so long felt like blocks of lead that I could hardly recognize them as organs of locomotion. Never did three-quarters of a mile seem so long as this, and when we finally did come upon the large white house in a grove, all was as silent as death, for the family had all retired. After repeated hellos a gentleman put his head out of the window, and when told by Mr. Hart the condition of affairs, he said he would be down in a few minutes. When he came to the wagon, I introduced myself as Miss Emma Riely, of Winchester. He asked me if I was a daughter of Colonel James P. Riely, who was once teller of the Valley Bank. When I replied that I was, he took me by the hand, and said, "Come in. It will give me great pleasure to entertain you, for your father was a good friend of mine." Taking us into the parlor, he said, "Lie down on the sofas and rest until I get my sisters to find you some supper, for we had all retired. Mr. Hart and myself will go and feed the horse."

After awhile they returned and we were invited into the dining room, and a more surprised party you never saw, for there stood two of my schoolmates, Kathleen McKay and Bessie Wells, half-sisters, and this was their home. They were boarding at Mr. Powell's school where I was a day scholar. When the first Yankees came to Winchester the Powells ran off, leaving their dinner on the table. At the time Kate and myself left for Luray, these girls returned home. It is needless to say that we were glad to meet again and they gave us a bountiful supper, then took us into their mother's chamber to introduce their schoolmate and hear all about my unexpected appearance at that hour of the night. They sympathized deeply with us in our broken down state and suggested that we stop and rest with them several days before going further, and all entirely discouraged the idea of our attempting to get into Winchester, for there had been a young lady who had gone to the picket post the week before, pleading with him to permit her to enter the town, as she had a brother there dying in the hospital, but they answered, "No, not unless you take the oath," and that would have been direct perjury in her case, for she was going in purposely to give aid and succor to the enemy, and the language of that oath was as strong as it could be made.

“Well,” I said, “both of the men in our party have taken the oath. Only Fannie and myself have not, and after going through all I did today and tonight, I will never be satisfied to return without making the attempt. If they refuse me, I will have to go back and have them laugh at me.” They then showed us to our room and we began to seek our much needed rest, for it was then 11 o’clock. We began at once to relieve our feet first, and when I examined the inside of my shoes, I found the envelopes split all around, for Confederate stationery was none too good at best, and a long day’s tramp had proved very wearing on it as well as on myself. I did not dare to disturb them for fear of getting them mixed, but oh! my poor feet. I think there must have been a blister for every square inch, and knowing the extent of the surface, you can well imagine the number. Poor Fannie’s were in the same sad state, for like my own, her shoes also were full of letters.

We soon fell into a deep sleep, but not sufficiently deep to prevent being aroused soon thereafter by a passing army train and troops who filled the grounds and pounded upon the doors, calling for food at midnight. The ladies had to hand out bread and meat to pacify them.

Why we should ever have started on such a jaunt at all is as inexplicable as why we should have started

on Saturday, necessitating part of our journey and especially our arrival in Winchester on Sunday. I can only account for the whole matter by being convinced we were suffering from aberration of mind at the time.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful and when we had carefully adjusted our mail in our shoes and succeeded in getting a wagon load of dust out of the Berege flounces and crepe bows on my bonnet and completed our extensive toilet, we descended to the parlor, feeling much rested from the fatigue of the night before. We found two gentlemen there from Front Royal who had forded the river to advise us not to attempt to go to Winchester. Mrs. Inman had told them of our destination and persuaded them to come and try to influence us. But I listened with my ears in one direction and my heart in another, and I think I have heard some one say, but it possibly could not have been Mr. Macon, that when a woman once *makes* up her mind (especially a Riely) you might as well talk to the dead. But is it any wonder that on this lovely Sabbath morning, only fifteen miles from my home which I had not seen for five months, a lovely pike all the way, and having endured all I had to get this far, that I should have been hard headed and obstinate and persevered? I felt that if I had to retrace my steps, I had left nothing undone.

The old nag was brought out and certainly he was feeling his oats, for his whole aspect seemed more cheerful, and when I bade adieu to our hospitable friends, it was with the promise we would spend several days with them.

We reached the picket post between one and two o'clock, and the demand to halt was given. I asked to see an officer. He said that the sergeant of the guard would be along presently. When he came he said I would have to see the captain of the guard who was in a tent some little distance off. He finally came back, bringing this officer, and I began to tell him a very pathetic tale. That I wished to return to my home where my natural protectors were, giving him no intimation of why I had left it. I gave him a history of the party, the men having taken the oath of allegiance and Miss B. wishing to go to Clarke county, to visit relatives, and that I was only a child. He listened attentively and then said, "Oh, yes, you can enter without any difficulty by taking this oath," producing a printed form from his pocket. "Oh," I said, "I cannot take *that*" with more emphasis than I should have done, and he said, "Those are our general's orders."

I began then to plead with him to allow me to see the general in person, which he refused. My eyes began to fill and my voice to choke, for the old famil-

iar spires of churches were in full view and I could imagine I saw my loved ones seated in our dear old pew. Whether he saw my emotion and distress and it touched his heart, I do not know, for he then said, "I will return in a few moments." He went to his tent evidently to consult with some other officer, for when he returned, he said, "I am going to allow you to go to General White's headquarters under this guard," designating a mounted cavalryman. He then said to us, "Have you any letters or contraband information of any kind about you." Now fearing if I said "Yes," and gave up the letters out of my shoes which were evidence enough that I was trying to smuggle them, he would think, "She gave these up as a blind and is withholding something more valuable, possibly, and I'll put her right out and not let her go to headquarters." So, more quickly than it takes me to write it, all this passed in my mind, and I answered, "Oh! no, we haven't anything." After he had given the order to the guard to take us to General White's headquarters with a note, we proceeded.

Now, the general's headquarters were out at the fort, one mile the other side of Winchester. When we reached the outskirts of the town, I asked Mr. Hart to drive us along Market street instead of Main; my home was on Kent street, the street back of Mar-

ket. As we reached the block that leads to Kent, who should I recognize standing and talking but my aunt, two brothers, Evelyn, Miss Conrad, and Sallie. They had met returning from the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. I did not want them to recognize me. Altogether, I was trembling with excitement at seeing them again. I drew my veil and I heard them remark that we were evidently strangers under guard and wondered who we were. I had not gone more than a square before my heart began to fail me and I thought if General White refused to let me stay, I would be put outside the pickets and they would never know I had been there, and I would not see them again. So I asked Mr. Hart to go back and tell them I was one of the party and to ask one of my brothers to come and go to headquarters with me. All came running in astonishment and wanted to know what on earth induced me to take such a trip, etc. My brother, Brent, went with me, walking all the way in the hot sun beside the wagon.

The fortifications were on a high hill one mile from town, and the general's headquarters were there. I thought that the old nag would never get us up this steep hill and the August sun was parching us. On our arrival, we were told the general was not in, but Colonel Sweeney, the provost marshal, was, so we drove to his tent. He came out and my brother told

him that Winchester was my home and I wished to be allowed to return. He asked many questions and then said the orders were, no one should be admitted without taking the oath. That I told him I could not do, and when my brother had exhausted every argument in my behalf, he hopelessly remarked, "Well, Colonel, it does seem hard to see a child of fourteen years of age driven from her home and uatural protectors and turned out loose upon the charity of the world." He said "child?" in rather a sarcastic mannner, for I looked every day of thirty in my remarkable costume. "Yes, sir, she is nothing but a child." "She does not look it. How old did you say, fourteen years? Well, if you are able to prove that, it alters the case. The orders are, all persons from eighteen years up shall take the oath." My brother said that he would furnish abundant proof of the statement and made himself personally responsible for its truthfulness.

He then asked Fannie how old she was. She replied, "twenty-one." He said, "There is no escape for *you*," whereupon poor Fannie broke down and just boo-hooded in the most heart-broken style. I felt so sorry for her that I began to beg her to do what I had all along vowed I would not do, but I did not see how she was to do otherwise, for we had not prepared or dreamed of such a condition of affairs. Mr. Hart

was not going to return to Luray for a week. I was not going out, and she, poor girl, if she refused to take the oath, was to be set down in the public road just outside the picket post alone. She said between her sobs, "Oh, Emma, I will be disgraced amongst my friends." I said, "Oh, they will never know it." "Yes, you and Mr. Hart will tell on me and then they will all say I'm disloyal." Both Mr. Hart and myself pledged ourselves to strict secrecy, and after a great persuasion she swallowed it, although each word seemed the size of a cannon ball to swallow and you could hear a gulping sound as each one went down.

Colonel Sweeney then asked us if we had letters or contraband information about us, and having told one story, I had to tell another, and said, "No." He then said to Brent Riely, "Go to Mr. Stackhouse's boarding house and ask for Colonel Delemesi's wife. Say to her, I will deem it a personal favor if she will go to the York Hospital, room No. 3, and search these two ladies. The men having taken the oath will not be searched. The guard will search baggage in room No. 2." Calling up an additional guard, he said, "Guard these ladies to the York Hospital." A guard rode on either side of the wagon. Mr. Hart knew we had these letters and began to tremble for us, and as we started, said in an undertone, "Try and slip them

in *my* pockets," and he then began to try to interest the guards by pointing to the cannons in the fort and asking what points each commanded, and my brother and himself complimented the works, and whilst this was going on, Fannie and myself put our heads together and laid our plans.

Presently, I said aloud, "Fannie, it will be a long time before we reach the town. Let's take off our shoes and rest our feet. They hurt so after walking so far last night." She said, "Oh, that's a good idea," so we slipped our hands in under our dresses and took off our shoes, for we were sitting down flat on the straw. Then running our hands down in the shoes, we proceeded to gather up the letters, only one of us doing this at a time. When I said aside to her, "ready," she said, loud enough for any one to hear, "Emma, raise up, and let me pull the straw under you," and whilst she was doing this, I was up on my knees, hanging most affectionately over Mr. Hart's back and with my left hand ramming the letters down in his capacious linen duster pocket next to the sick soldier, so as to be unobserved. Mr. Hart was now admiring their horses and pointing out their fine points, an ever fruitful and absorbing subject with a cavalryman. When Fannie was ready with her letters, I said, "Fannie, raise up and let me make you more comfortable," and she deposited her letters.

Then we wondered if by accident any particles of paper could have gotten in the loose straw and be the means of giving us away when we got out.

On reaching the town, my brother hurried to the boarding house for fear Madame Delemesi would be out and then went hurriedly to tell my aunt to come to the hospital, which she did, bringing Mrs. Hugh Lee with her, but they were not allowed to come where we were but witnessed the searching of our carpet bags with growing indignation, for as they held up our garments for inspection so long, they felt assured they must be trying to secure the patterns. We were terribly uneasy about our shoes for fear a scrap of paper left with the least writing would betray us, and we hoped to get a chance to investigate before the woman arrived, but finding ourselves under guard, we did not have the opportunity.

When we got out of the wagon, I looked at Mr. Hart to see if the mail was all secure and there was the writing as plain as day showing through his well worn duster pocket. I drew up to his side and said, "Put your handkerchief in your left pocket," and soon his ample bandanna had hidden every trace of them.

The door opened in one-half hour and a perfect vision of loveliness appeared. A delicate, refined Italian beauty, introducing herself, and apologizing

profusely, saying that it was such an unpleasant task for her to perform, and having done it only ten days before as an accommodation she was in hopes she would not be called upon to do it again, but when she received the message, she disliked to refuse, etc. I thought to myself, now she is such a lady, she is only going to make a pretense of searching, and we will get off easily, but, alas! I was mistaken. Had she served an apprenticeship at it, she could not have been more thorough. The coal scuttle bonnet, with its ponderous bows and quillings, was first taken to the window and thoroughly picked over, looking for information wrapped in tin foil and sewed up in articles of apparel as was often done during the war. Then I was made to open my mouth and lift my tongue, for sometimes the foil was carried under the tongue. My watch was next opened to the works and examined. My hair was taken down and fingers run through it, then the undressing began. The hems of the garments were all held to the light and felt all around. Corset stays were thoroughly examined, the shoes taken off, hands run down inside, but thank heavens, they came up empty, stockings turned, which ended my examination.

While I was dressing, Fannie went through the same ordeal, only furnishing more work for the woman, for Fannie had on a white skirt tucked near-

ly to the waist with inch tucks, and she had to take each one separately and hold them to the light. All this time my temper was rising. Since she had not found anything to incriminate me and considering it was such an "unpleasant" task to her, I thought that she was doing far more than necessary and had made it very embarrassing for us. So when she began, after finishing, with her deceitful apologies, I shut her up quickly by saying, "No more apologies are needed, and I hope I will some day have the opportunity of returning the compliment." We parted and I went home rejoicing, but the oath sat very heavily upon poor Fannie's heart and stomach for days. Even her appetite fled, for she felt sorely stricken in conscience. Mr. Hart came the next day to have a laugh over our experiences of the past two days.

I had only been home ten days when we were suddenly aroused from our sleep by a terrible explosion about two o'clock in the morning. Nearly all the window glass in the houses was shattered and people sprang from their beds and ran into the streets, thinking it was an earthquake, but seeing the sky lighted up over at the Fort, it was soon discovered that they had blown up the powder magazine and were evacuating. Lee was coming and they retreated to Harper's Ferry where many of them who were under the command of General Miles were captured. In their haste,

they left all the women behind who were sent through the lines under a flag of truce. Ten days afterwards I met Mr. Stackhouse, and he said, "I tell you, you have kept some one at my house in hot water." I asked him "who," and he said, "Colonel Delemesi's wife. She has been afraid to poke her nose outside the door for fear you would find out she was left and have her punished for the way she searched you." I said, "Don't ease her mind, please, for I want to punish her in that way alone."

My sister, Mrs. Gordon, came home, bringing Kate with her, who taunted me with being in such a hurry to return, having so much to encounter, while she had only a little longer to wait and suffered no inconvenience in coming.

After all our servants ran off, we had to hire and reduce our number to one. The cook and the old housekeeper being feeble, we had all to assist in the housework. Evelyn, my sister (now Mrs. Wolcott), was then only eight or nine years old and was much petted and indulged by us all, but particularly so by my aunt, and she deemed it quite a hardship to be made to wash dishes while the housekeeper dried them. Even at that tender age, she had learned how to manage my aunt so as to carry her point. She would invariably refer to the loss of her mother (my aunt's sister) and say, "She knew if her mother were

living, she would not be made to do this." That always melted auntie's heart and Evelyn could do just as she wanted. She was refused something one evening, and became offended. The next morning early my brother-in-law heard a noise overhead in the third story and went to investigate. He found Evelyn in her little dressing gown and bare feet busy packing a trunk. When questioned, she said that she was going away to leave us. That we did not treat her right. "My mother did not leave me here to wash dishes," she said, displaying her little hands. "Just look here, I have scalded all the skin off of my hands washing dishes," and putting her hands on her back, said, "I've most broken my back sweeping and I am going away to leave you *all*." Auntie, on hearing of it, was ready to lay the earth at her feet, and we were much amused, for Evelyn's resolution did not last fifteen minutes, but she was solid with auntie after that.

I was appointed chambermaid without rank or emoluments, and thought I had the toughest job of them all, with the big "teaster" bedstead to tackle, which had been made to order to accommodate my mother, father and all thirteen children to sleep in. I was expected to do alone what had always required two stout negro women to do every day, and when beds had to be turned, the butler had to come to their assistance.

I would have made a first class prize fighter before I was released from duty. I would stand off and view the object to be attacked and decide best where to make the best licks. Then I would double up my fists and begin to pummel it in the sides, bearing all my weight on my opponent. I felt convinced many times from the pain in my side I must have had a lick in return. After I had knocked all the breath out of it and succeeded only in raising a few knots, I would take off my shoes, mount on top and proceed to cut a "pigeon wing" over the entire surface to get it level.

One morning in the middle of this remarkable performance, the door opened and Colonel Davis walked in (he was occupying the room). I could only drop on my knees and beg him to retire until I could descend, which he did, roaring with laughter.

PIG STORY

In the early fall of 1863 I went down to make a visit to my cousin, Fannie Daniels, near Charlestown, Jefferson county, her mother owning a fine estate near there. I was to bring her home with me and we were to go to Mt. Airy, the Meems's beautiful home in the Valley. When I was ready to leave, Mrs. Daniels said she wished she had something to send to my aunt, but she said, "We are all so poor I have nothing worth sending — how would she like a pig?" I said, "Oh! she will be delighted to get anything that can be

eaten.” So she had one caught, its hind legs tied so that if it got out it could not run. It was put into the wagon in a bag, alongside of the driver.

We had twenty-five miles to go to reach Winchester. It proved a very troublesome traveling companion. Every time its serenity was disturbed it squealed for dear life. When we went up a hill the pig in the bag rolled under our skirts and the fight would begin — we kicking and the pig squealing. We met a troop of Yankee cavalry returning from Winchester to Martinsburg. Winchester was without a regular garrison then, and only subject to raids from either side. The officers stopped us to make inquiries about us, and when questioned about the bag were much amused to find it contained a pig.

We did not reach home until after dark. My aunt, not expecting such an addition to her household as a pig, was in a quandary what to do with it, and it was Saturday night besides. She finally decided to put it into an office we had in the yard until Monday morning, when she would have a pen erected for it. So the string was cut from its hind legs and it was turned loose, but the long confinement had stiffened its joints so it hopped around rabbit fashion.

The Presbyterian church was next door — only our lawn between — our pew was just in a line with our back yard, and frequently our solemnity was greatly

disturbed by witnessing absurd things going on at home. Stained glass windows were not as common those days as now, and we had an uninterrupted view. It was rather warm that day and the windows were raised so we could not only *see*, but *hear*.

We had gone to church that morning, leaving my aunt behind and, unfortunately for us, the pig had not had its breakfast before we left. In the midst of the service the "girl" appeared in full view with a heaping plate of provisions for the pig. My aunt's voice could be heard, pitched upon a high key, as she followed on behind, urging Mattie not to let the pig get out, and to be very careful how she opened the door. Our closest attention was immediately given to see the performance. Mattie made several ineffectual attempts to get the dinner plate through the key hole. She gradually had to increase the aperture and when about to insert the dinner plate, out came the pig. Then began a chase all around the yard, and our audible giggling attracted the attention of the congregation. Auntie stood with agonized expression, calling, "Run, Mattie, run! Mattie, catch him quick. Don't let it get away, for mercy's sake." Notwithstanding it hopped rather than ran, it made good time and soon reached the garden, Mattie in hot pursuit, plate in hand, hoping it might turn and the sight of food induce it to stop. When she seemed just

about to secure her prize, she unfortunately hooked her foot in the corn stubble and down she came with great force, sending the food in one direction and the plate in another. At this last disaster we laughed outright.

The congregation looked daggers at us and we might have been able to establish our equilibrium and composure if we had not at that moment heard Auntie, in tones of despair, saying, "Mattie, where on earth is the pig?" Mattie, lying flat on her stomach and turning her head first one side and then the other, replied, "That's exactly what I want to know, too." We had to get up and leave church, and when we reached home and told auntie how she had caused us to disgrace ourselves and what an exhibition she had made of herself, she was much astonished, but too much grieved over her loss to give it much thought.

We spent the week explaining our conduct to the congregation. Having then no newspapers or public place for advertising lost property, auntie concluded to constitute herself an advertising medium, so sat two whole days on our front porch, stopping every one as they passed. Now, many of these people had been passing our house almost daily for years and had never had a nod of recognition from her, hence they were rather startled at her sudden politeness at

this time. She would clear her throat and begin, "Good morning." They would look amazed. "Have you seen anything of a pig?" "What sort of a pig, Madam?" This was a stunner, for the only glimpse she had ever had of it was when she saw it hopping over the garden, but she had to describe it some way to identify it, so when they repeated the question, "What kind of a pig, Madam?" she began, "A black pig, I think, with a long face; a very countryfied looking pig, with a long tail and all screwed up behind." "No, Madam, I have not." "Well, if you hear tell of him, please say it belongs to me."

Now this remarkable description went on for two days and the people would move on convulsed with laughter.

Mrs. Conrad sent over one afternoon to know if she would take a walk with her. She remarked that she was not fond of *walking*, but she had better go, for she might see or hear of her pig. Mrs. Conrad was a very pious person and talked a great deal on the subject of religion. As they walked, she was conversing on the necessary preparation for death and the hereafter, and became so absorbed that she did not miss my aunt from her side, and when she did she discovered her across the street, head hung over some one's back fence. She had heard a pig grunt and had gone hurriedly to see if it was her pig "with

a long face, very countrified looking, long tail and all screwed up behind.”

We started on our trip up the Shenandoah Valley to the Meems’s, stopping at Woodstock at the hotel where my brother was boarding, as Imboden’s cavalry was stationed there. The hotel was crowded, so my brother gave us his room with only a single bed in it, but we were on pleasure bent, no matter at what cost of inconvenience, so we slept, or rather went to bed, all three of us, but never slept a wink, but laughed two entire nights at what a farcical attempt we were making at trying to rest — compelling the middle one to change every half hour that the outside might thaw out a little.

On arriving at the Meems’s, all was mirth and pleasure, and we were only too glad to join in it. Kate Riely had been there for a month. Sallie Lionberger was also there. In fact the guests seemed to pour from every part of the large establishment. Ten ladies and about eighteen gentlemen were included and, besides, Early’s Corps was encamped only two miles from the house. Mr. Macon, who was on a furlough, boarded at the Mt. Jackson hotel. Horseback riding during the day and dancing at night occupied all our time. Eight or ten delightful riding horses, with side saddles, were brought out every morning

and tied to the rack, to be used whenever we needed them, and there was no lack of escorts.

I came near losing my life one morning when out riding. General Walker and Miss Daniels were in the lead, riding slowly, and a second couple between them and myself. They saw in time that the telegraph wire had been cut and tied to the rail fence on the opposite side of the road and called to warn us as they rode around the post. I was not then in sight and came dashing up at full speed, too late to check my horse. Dr. Southall, my escort, threw up his hand to raise the wire and prevent its striking me, but did not succeed. I was dragged off my saddle and the wire struck me right at my throat, and but for having pinned a handkerchief around my neck to protect it from the sun, my throat would have been badly cut. As it was, the handkerchief was cut in two, and in trying to raise the wire it ent a gash over my eye. Dr. S. succeeded in stopping the horse at once and I remounted and galloped on, only a little nervous over my narrow escape. It was the result of a quarrel between the infantry and cavalry and they had, after passing through, cut the wire and tied it to throw the cavalry as they passed at night.

The girls of this generation will never know the good times we had then, even if sad and terrible at times, as war must be necessarily.

Next came our ride back to Woodstock — a merry crowd in a big old stagecoach, six horses, a beautiful moonlight night; Kate and Fannie Daniels going to the Murphy's, Nannie O'Bannon and myself to the Welch's. We reached there just as Gilmore and Imboden's men were returning from their raid on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad trains. They had never taken time to unwrap the bundles that they had taken from the seats of the car, and many of them came to Mr. Welch's parlor to open them and display their trophies, which was a very risky thing to do as was afterwards proved, as many remarkable and unexpected articles rolled out that they had no earthly use for and caused peals of laughter or a shower of blushes by turns. They all had rolls of greenbacks and a number of gold watches — amongst them Senator Bright's, of Indiana.

The day we returned to Winchester was the coldest I ever experienced — so bitter cold we thought we would freeze before we reached our destination. When we got out at Mr. Davis's, at Newtown, to warm, we found Langley, one of our noted spies, there on his way north. He asked me to take Senator Bright's watch and hide it about my person, also a large roll of money, for fear we would meet some Yankees before we reached Winchester. They were returning the watch to the senator, as he was a democrat.

That fall General Milroy's Yankee army came to Winchester and wintered there. His reign was one of terror and will be remembered, together with General Sheridan's, as long as memory lasts, with all of the citizens who lived during these reigns. He began by taking possession of their houses, ordering the people out with only a few hours' notice, compelling them to leave behind their valued possessions of years of accumulation, setting them with his own army ambulances just outside his picket posts in the public road and taking their luxurious homes with all they possessed for different brigade headquarters or hospitals, when there were plenty of unoccupied houses that would have answered their purposes just as well.

The Logans owned one of the largest and handsomest furnished houses in the town. Mrs. L. had been an invalid for years with consumption, never leaving her home, and at this time her daughter was in bed with erysipelas. It was a damp, drizzly, rainy morning in the early spring when General Milroy sent them an order to pack and be ready by noon to be sent beyond the lines, as he wished their house for his own headquarters.

The Logans sent a messenger around to tell us, but when I reached the house they had guns crossed in the front door to prevent any one passing in, and sentinels to guard the entrance. The family were al-

lowed to talk to you across the guns, and each member came to tell me good-bye, weeping and in the greatest distress at leaving their beautiful home and all they valued behind, to say nothing of the terrible risk to Mrs. Logan and her daughter on such a day, when both were in such critical health, but no appeal could move the general, who, in the midst of all their distress and confusion, was moving in and making himself comfortable in their handsome double parlor, using the back one for his private parlor and the front for his staff. These rooms the family had deemed too handsome for their daily use and had a sitting room across the hall.

General Milroy was a man of violent temper and the least thing ruffled it; he was a rough, backwoods western man, with a great shock of grey hair which stood up like porcupine bristles, yet we heard he had a soft side to his nature and we determined to try and find it and save our home, if possible. So we would invent all sorts of excuses to go to his office and have an interview with him and manage to get in a little pleasant conversation and studiously avoided saying anything that would ruffle his temper, and we soon found we could wrap him around our fingers by going at it in the right way.

Major Ben Butterworth, for many years in congress, was his adjutant general and he often said,

“You are the only Rebels who know how to manage him; he curses the rest and drives them from his presence but he never denies you all anything.” One remarkable instance of it was this, for I’m sure such a thing did not occur during the war to any others than ourselves. On returning from church one Sunday, I found a note from Mr. Rust, a private in the 6th Virginia Cavalry, saying his brother and himself had been captured whilst spending the day with their mother and were up at the jail; he would be glad if I would try and get to see him. As soon as dinner was over, auntie and myself went to the provost marshal to get a permit to go to the jail. He declined to give it without the general’s permission. I told him I knew the general would issue the order but it was so much farther to have to go to him. He still declined. A Federal soldier stood there in Confederate uniform, a man I knew by sight, and a terror to the citizens for he was the chief of what was known to them as “Jessy’s Scouts,” spies dressed in our uniforms who went at intervals into our camps. They were also detectives and were constantly getting the citizens into trouble by going, at all hours of the night, mysteriously tapping at their doors and representing themselves as our own men, drawing out unsuspecting people only to land them in prison or have them sent outside the town. So after the provost

marshal declined a second time, he stepped forward and said, "Write the order to admit them and I will go along with them."

Now I would rather never have seen my prisoner friends and gladly have given up going, rather than have my friends see me walking on the street with Purdy, but I dared not say a word. When we got out on the street it was too narrow for all three to walk together so I fell back and he at once stepped back with me. I stood it for a little while but presently pretended my shoe had come untied and remarked, "You all walk on until I tie my shoe." As he walked, he said to my aunt, "That girl's shoe isn't untied; she don't want to be seen walking on the street with me" (he had no doubt noticed my nervous glances), "but come along, old lady, we don't mind it, do we?" So I was very careful never to catch up with them until we reached the jail. There we had a half hour's pleasant conversation with the Messrs. Rust in Purdy's presence and we bade them good-bye.

After getting home we concluded (by way of form) we would go to Milroy's headquarters and ask him to let these young men come to tea with us, a most audacious liberty to take even in asking such an absurd thing. We found the general out riding and were quite disappointed for we wanted to see how he would look when we made such a remarkable request of him.

So we returned home and put our heads together and wrote him a most absurd letter in poetry, very ridiculous in style, etc., the substance which was that we were four forlorn maidens, hungry for the sight of a beau, *especially a Reb*, even if they did bring on this "devilish rebellion." This latter expression he always used whenever referring to the war, and we would always laugh at him and tell him he ought not to use such *ugly words* about such a *good cause*.

We waited an hour wondering what sort of a reply he would make to such audacity or if he would reply at all; when a soldier was seen coming with an envelope. We had very curiously mixed sensations of fear and interest in the reply. It was addressed "To the Rebels." On opening, it contained a written permission for the two prisoners, Messrs. Rnst, to be allowed to be absent from jail *under guard* until nine o'clock. When the order reached the prisoners they were dumbfounded at the privilege granted and were profuse in their thanks to us. We spent a delightful evening. Whilst we were at supper the guard sat at a side table and ate his and enjoyed home fare quite as much as the prisoners did. When we went upstairs we sat in the parlor and the guard in the hall. Of course that furnished us with another excuse to go to his office next day to thank him and tell him many funny things that had passed.

My sister Kate had been extremely ill with typhoid

fever the winter before, when Jackson encamped in Winchester, and for many weeks her life was despaired of. She was prayed for in all the churches and twice we were called in to say farewell. Dr. Hugh McGuire, our old family physician, and his now famous son Hunter were unremitting in their attentions. Hunter was medical director then on Stonewall Jackson's staff and continued so until Jackson's death. Three and four times a day they came to watch her and Hunter came every night between one and two o'clock. Jackson was going to Romney and Hunter asked permission to remain behind to watch her case, but Jackson refused. He was not absent long, however, and through their skill and the mercy of God she was spared, to be, as she has since proved, a blessing and comfort to her family and friends.

To me she has been more than a sister and to my children a second mother and I want her good deeds always to be fresh in their memory. To her children and grandchildren who may in years to come be interested in reading these pages, I wish to say that a more beautiful example of nobleness, generosity, and unselfishness of character never descended to any children than to hers, for, like our mother, her heart and hands were always extended in love and sympathy. Besides, I want them to know she was one of the great beauties and belles of her day and had innumerable offers of marriage.

But to return to Milroy — Kate's illness had left a blemish on the pupil of one eye. She was threatened with blindness in that eye and auntie spent many mornings pleading with Milroy to allow her to go to Baltimore to be treated by an oculist, but he was immovable. One day she heard Mrs. Milroy had arrived to make the general a visit. The next morning every one felt assured that the report was true, for a strange looking, Godforsaken little urchin made his appearance in front of headquarters, dressed in a homespun suit of decidedly homemade cut. He was about seven years of age. Little Clairbourne Green (now Judge Green), living across the street, seeing this queer looking boy of his own age, sallied forth to make his acquaintance and approaching him, said, "What's your name?" "Ebenezer Milroy." "I am Clairbourne Green; what you doing here?" "My father's general and all these here soldiers belongs to my father." Clairbourne said, "I don't care if they do; I'll bet if you come out here in the street I can lick you." Ebenezer declined and beat a hasty retreat to the house.

Auntie waited a few days before urging her matters again before the general, hoping she would catch a glimpse of his wife. When she did go she was fortunate in finding her in his office. She was a western woman, from the backwoods evidently. Her hair was done up in the most antiquated style, parted and

plastered down on her face, making a sudden and violent curve to bring it back behind the ear, and ended in a little hard knot the size of a hickory nut. Her figure was in keeping, modelled after a block of wood, the same size all the way up, the darts of her dress finding no obstruction in reaching her shoulders. She had thin, compressed lips, a sharp aspect generally and a still sharper voice.

Notwithstanding her appearance was so against her, auntie decided she would make a master stroke and try and move the general through her. She began by telling the general she had come again to see him about her niece's going to Baltimore and hoped he had reconsidered the matter. She then turned to Mrs. Milroy, hoping to secure her aid and sympathy, and said, "Mrs. Milroy, suppose you had a young, beautiful daughter [hard to imagine though] just budding into womanhood and in danger of becoming blind and you were to appeal to one of our generals for permission to send her where it could be averted and they were to refuse, wouldn't you think it mighty hard?" After a while she replied, in her nasal tone, "Yes, it's mighty hard, but when the Union's at stake you have to be mighty *particular*." Later, he consented to let her go and she abused her privilege by allowing the Baltimore people to persuade her to bring back letters and soft

felt hats tied under her hoops and money secreted about her person. When auntie went to Baltimore, she brought back quinine and morphine sewed up in the lining of her muff for hospital use.

Kate had been home a week and thought everything quiet and safe for her to get out these letters and try and get them through the lines. We never knew whether the information was given them by a servant or whether purely accidental, but the letters had not been on the bed ten minutes before the Yankees were in the room and had them in their hands. They had come to search for them but found upon entering the room so suddenly and unexpectedly they were lying waiting for them, as it were. They searched the house, however, hoping to find other things but did not succeed. We took the letters to the provost marshal, Captain Alexander. He turned them over to the general. We sent, asking Captain A. to come to the house for it was raining hard. Kate explained to him how she came to bring the letters and asked him what he thought Milroy would do. He felt sure she would either be sent to prison or put outside the lines and advised her to hurry around and see him before he issued his order. She and Bettie Myers hurried off in the rain and they found him in a very bad humor with some one but at sight of them he calmed down and after confessing her

fault and telling him a plausible tale of the influences brought to bear upon her, he gathered up all the letters which he had read and threw them into the fire, saying as he did so, "I will *never* trust you again. Go home and behave yourself hereafter or you won't fare so well." If it had been any other family he would have hustled them out so quick it would have made their heads swim.

He had burned so many houses and done so many high handed outrageous things that no one was astonished at anything he did. Finding, one Sunday afternoon, that two families had been ordered out and their homes taken for hospitals, auntie hurried around to see him and said, "General, I hope you are not going to take the home of these orphans." He replied, "Madam, make yourself easy. I'll take every house in this damned town before I'll take yours." He afterwards told General Torbert we were the only decent damned "Secesh" in the town.

The citizens could not get a particle of flour, meal, or cow feed from the mills without a special written permit from the general. We had a mill of our own on our farm, *two miles* from town, but it might as well have been forty miles for all the good it did us. People were losing their cows from starvation, for unless you caught him in a good humor, the cows, and the people too, had to go hungry. One morning

auntie said, "Emma, go down and ask Milroy to give me a permit to send to the mill. Tell him the old cow has eaten rosebushes until the thorns are sticking out of her sides." I went down to deliver the message verbatim. When I asked Major Butterworth if I could see the general, he said, "Yes. There is a lady in there now." I opened the door and upon a glance took in the situation and modestly dropped into a chair close by. The butcher's daughter, Miss Arnold, who weighed about 250 pounds, was standing in the floor with a large red plaid blanket shawl drawn tightly around her. The general was pacing the floor in one of his ugly, angry moods, making his remarks more emphatic by an occasional oath and stamp of the foot; pausing suddenly before her, in a menacing tone, said, "You all brought on this devilish rebellion and ought to be crushed and deserve to starve with the cows." Miss Arnold, drawing her shawl tighter as her temper rose and tossing her head in the air, with a contemptuous sneer, said, "Well, General Milroy, if you expect to crush this 'devilish rebellion' by starving John Arnold's old cow, you can do it and be drot," and with that she flounced out the door, slamming it behind her.

The general turned to me like a lamb and said, "Can I serve you?" I had too much tact to broach the same subject just then, and thinking the old cow

might survive one more day on rosebushes, I replied, "Not this morning. I only dropped in to see Major Butterworth a moment and thought I would come in and ask after your health." After a few words I left him and went in to tell Major B. the conversation I had heard with Miss Arnold and that I was intimidated for the time being but would call again in the morning.

Mrs. Dr. Baldwin went one morning to ask him to send and have the soldiers taken out of her parlor; that she had wakened that morning to find a company quartered in her yard and they had taken possession of her grounds and were cooking in her parlor, frying meat and such things. The general was in a temper and storming and raving generally, which ruffled her temper decidedly, though outwardly she was calm. He was seated with his feet resting on the mantle and was swearing about the Rebels. Suddenly looking at her fiercely he said, "Who brought on this devilish rebellion anyhow?" She tripped up to his side and said slowly, "John Brown." He sprang to his feet and stamping the floor said, "Get out of here at once," pointing to the door. "You need not *order* me out for I had no idea or desire to remain longer in your presence." It is needless to say the soldiers were not removed.

We also knew Captain DeMott, quartermaster on

Milroy's staff. He went to Baltimore the week before Milroy's army was captured at Winchester with all its baggage and stores. These made our men rich for months. On his return he came to our house bringing some articles he had purchased for us. He said, "Ladies, look out for me at church Sunday, but you won't know me for I'm going to look killing fine. I am so tired of soldiers' clothes I purchased an entire outfit of citizens' clothes, a Prince Albert coat, Marcellines vest, and a pair of light trousers, a new color called *crushed raspberry*."

The fighting began on Saturday, about twelve o'clock. The first intimation I had of it was when I was on the street and saw the wounded being brought in. We had heard an occasional volley of musketry but did not suppose it amounted to much. That night the Yankees packed up everything and retired to the fort behind the fortification, leaving the town as silent as death, save an occasional regiment passing back and forth to relieve the pickets. Of course, we had no services the next day and Captain DeMott was otherwise engaged.

The citizens, knowing we were on the eve of a battle, remained behind closed doors in breathless anxiety and anticipation. The cannonading was going on at intervals all day and Milroy had discovered that instead of its being only a cavalry skirmish, as

he supposed at first, it was Ewell's corps. Sunday afternoon, just before dark, the cannonading became more continuous and I went up on Cemetery Hill back of our house to see if I could get a good view of the fort as the cannonading was in that direction. My companion and myself secured a splendid position. As the shells burst over the fortifications, we could see the men inside by the light of the explosion and could also see their great guns belch forth, sending shells into our camps.

As we stood there, nearly in the dark, a regiment of Yankees came suddenly upon us, double quicking it back to the fort, and the soldiers cried out, "Run home, girls; get ready, the Rebs are coming," and we, thinking they were right on their heels, did hurry home, but they did not come that night. There was little sleeping done by the people that night, not knowing what the morrow was to bring forth.

The military court-martial, of which Colonel Warren Keifer was the judge advocate, held its session in Mrs. Sherrard's dining room. Colonel K. was afterwards speaker of the House of Representatives. Although they had taken their rooms without their consent, he was kind and considerate of them. Lizzie Sherrard was taken ill with typhoid fever and he frequently brought her delicacies she could not otherwise obtain. He had recently been in charge of a

flag of truce and had met the officers of the Maryland Line, and they had spent hours pleasantly together.

On Saturday night, at midnight, after the town had been evacuated, I was sitting up with my sick friend. The town was as still as death. We could hear horses' hoofs on the cobble stones a long way off, but when they stopped in front of the house our hearts went pit-a-pat, not knowing whether friend or foe. We soon heard the knock and putting our heads out to ask who it was, was told it was Colonel Keifer and a friend who wished to speak to us at that unearthly hour as they might not have another chance. We dressed and went down and they told us the Rebs would be here in the morning. He brought two bottles of fine brandy, one for the sick sister, the other to be given with his compliments to Major Goldsborough and Captain Emack, of the Maryland Line. He said he would feel very anxious to hear about Miss Lizzie and hoped she would soon recover, and bade us good-bye. The Rebs had a grand jollification when the brandy was delivered.

A month or six weeks later, I had taken tea at the Sherrard's and the young ladies and myself were sitting out in front of the house with Dr. Wm. S. Grymes and Dr. Morrison, and after awhile we noticed a Confederate soldier standing leaning against the house, evidently listening to the conversation,

and we remarked upon it. When he saw he was observed, he came forward and asked for something to eat. Ann, being the housekeeper, took him in and gave him his supper. When he had finished and she had put things away, she came out and said, "Where is that man?" "He has gone." "I do believe he is a spy. He asked so many curious questions. He said, 'I believe we have some mutual friends and I heard you had an ill sister some time ago. Has she recovered? I have also heard of a Miss Riely; is she well and in town?' 'Yes, she is out with my sisters now and the sister who was so ill has nearly recovered, I'm glad to say. Who is our mutual friend?' He had forgotten exactly who he had heard speak of them in camp. He asked many other questions which aroused my suspicions." "Why didn't you come at once and tell us for it's too late now, he has disappeared."

In a few months the Union forces returned to Winchester again and General Keifer (as he now was) came with them and called at the Sherrard's. He asked them if they remembered giving supper to a supposed Reb one night and his asking about the sick sister, and Miss Riely? He was a spy to whom he had described the house and told him to go there and find out all about them. He produced a sheet out of a diary written by the spy — four young ladies at

the house, three Miss Sherrards, Miss Riely, two soldiers, one called Dr. Grymes and the other Morrison. Sister well, etc.

These friends were very clever and witty and the most rabid Southerners and would fight for the cause as rigorously now as they did when the battles were raging at their fiercest. For this reason General Sheridan put them out and took possession of their home.

Several years ago an army officer was sent to Winchester to make a map of the battlefields around there. The Sherrards being in reduced circumstances, took boarders and he boarded with them. They often had heated arguments over the past, or pleasant bantering. On one occasion he said, "Miss Lizzie, I have a conundrum to ask you. Why was the Southern Confederacy like a silk handkerchief?" "I don't know, unless it was the finest thing going." His answer was, "Because one was a bandanna and the other a dambanner." She said she would like to ask him one: "Why was the Southern Confederacy like Lazarus?" He gave it up. "Because it was licked by dogs." He shut up after that.]

To return to Sunday night, when Milroy was expected to give battle the next morning behind his fortifications. Mr. Macon's regiment, the 13th Virginia Infantry, of which he was adjutant, was de-

tailed as skirmishers to lead the attack upon the fort at daybreak and great was their relief when the time came to find all but a few troops had stolen out in the night and they had taken down the flag in token of surrender. About three thousand of Milroy's men were captured between Winchester and Martinsburg with all the baggage and sutler's stores. Milroy escaped.

Whenever the Union army wintered in Winchester the sutlers (army merchants) opened stores and kept everything for sale. For days after the retreat you could see Confederate soldiers going in every direction with ladies' dresses, ladies' and children's shoes, and even hoopskirts tied on to their trappings.

The 13th Virginia regiment was left in Winchester on provost duty to guard these immense stores they had captured whilst Lee went into Maryland and Pennsylvania. One evening a number of these officers were at our house and we had some refreshments. I was standing by Mr. Macon, whom I had only met a few days before, when he flourished out a new handkerchief and I recognized DeMott's name. I said, "How did you get that handkerchief?" He said, "I captured his trunk and we divided out the contents among us. That new broadcloth coat Colonel Terrell has on was in it. This Marseilles vest I have on and those peculiar colored trousers Cap-

tain Cullen has on were all in the same trunk." And here before me were all the clothes Captain DeMott expected to look so "killing fine in," all worn by Rebs who were enjoying their good luck immensely. I told them the story of Captain DeMott's purchase.

The girls had a lovely time that summer with several regiments left behind in charge of the town. Dr. Wm. S. Grymes had charge of the hospitals and was in love with one of my friends. We had large grounds to our home and in the summer time we took our tea in the grounds where we had tables and seats for that purpose. On two occasions during the war our tea was interrupted suddenly by the whizzing of bullets over our heads, cutting the leaves from off the trees as they passed. We lost no time in making our exit, but were always particular to carry our plates with us before running, for food was not so plentiful that we could afford to lose one meal.

Flour was four hundred dollars a barrel then but in '64 and '65 it was as high as six hundred. People used to have a basket to carry their money to market in but it bought so little they could carry the provisions home in their pocketbooks. Prices were perfectly ridiculous in those days for Confederate money had so little real value. Mr. Macon bought a military coat for which he paid six hundred and fifty dollars. A friend paid one hundred and fifty dollars for an

alpaca skirt of very inferior quality and yet there were many things you could not get at any price.

Several times during the war the supply of salt gave out and people dug up the floors of their meat houses where they had salted down for years their pork, boiled the scrapings and strained them. Corn-cobs were burned to make soda. Confederate candles were unique things — a piece of candlewick varying from ten to twenty feet, dipped in a preparation of tallow and wax melted together and allowed to harden and then coiled around a stick eighteen inches high which was nailed to a block of wood and one end fastened about an inch above the stick and lighted. Some made these wooden structures very ornamental, in shape such as harps and bows and arrows.

General Lee, on his return from Gettysburg, rested only a little while in Winchester and then left us alone and we had a very quiet fall with the exception of Ramseur's engagement with Averill's cavalry in which the former was defeated. Quite a number of the Winchester ladies spent the night on the battlefield ministering to the wounded. Miss Russell sat and held the head of a dying soldier on the field all night, and a beautiful poem was written upon the incident and a painting was made by an artist.

When Milroy was in Winchester, Lizzie Sherrard was quite ill, and when I was sitting up with her one

night, she suddenly became much worse and it became necessary to have the doctor at once. There was no one to go for him but one of the sisters and myself. The Yankee sentinels stood every two squares apart throughout the town. We soon found she would die if we did not get assistance, so we braced up and started. We no sooner shut the front door than the sentinel's voice rang out, and in the stillness it sounded like thunder, "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friends," replied two very tremulous voices. "Advance and give the countersign." We advanced and told him our mission and he said we would have to wait for the relief guard. We asked to be allowed to go to the next sentinel who was in sight, for it was fortunately bright moonlight. This he agreed to. When in calling distance of the next, he cried, "Halt! halt! Who comes there?" "Friends." "Advance and give the countersign." We again told our story but he refused to let us proceed, but kept us waiting fully fifteen minutes for the relief guard, and when they came, six in number, they escorted us with bayonets glistening in the moonlight to Dr. Baldwin's and after getting the doctor, escorted us back to the house. So I can say now I have had military escort twice in my life; first, on my arrival in Winchester from Luray, and second, on this occasion. So it was worth something to have lived during the war.

(Apropos of military escorts, I must tell a funny circumstance in connection with military escorts and my friend Jennie Sherrard. During the war a Confederate officer was buried in our town cemetery. Several years after the war his friends wished to have his remains removed to the Confederate cemetery in Richmond where many of our distinguished dead are buried. The relative wrote asking Miss Sherrard to engage the undertaker who had buried him to remove the remains and she to pay the bill and notify them when ready by telegraphing to the Veteran Camp in Richmond, which wished to reinter him with appropriate honors and ceremony. She went to see the undertaker who professed to remember all about this burial; that he was dressed in a green coat, etc.

Having been a distinguished officer, it was deemed right and proper that a delegation of the Winchester Veteran Camp should accompany the remains to Richmond. They finally did this, and were met at the station in Richmond with a most imposing military pageant and bands playing the march for the dead. On arriving at Hollywood it was decided to open the casket and take a last look at the famous commander. On doing so, they were horrified to behold an old, shriveled faced maiden lady with a black cape around her shoulders. They telegraphed to Winchester, "You have made a mistake and sent us a *woman*." Imagine my friend's feelings when she

received the telegram. Now, she couldn't imagine who on earth it could be and in her agony of mind she tore around town like some one wild, getting the people all wrought up for fear it was some of their dead. It proved to be Miss Sarah Spotts. The people all die laughing even now, over the grand send-off she gave poor old Miss Sarah and the amount of travel, for in her lifetime she had never been beyond the corporate limits. She had to be brought back and a second trip made.

After Milroy was driven out and our troops were established, the Sherrards had a waggish sort of fellow as their guest, Major Moses of South Carolina. He was so comical looking that anything he said sounded ridiculous; to look at him was but to laugh. One evening at the tea table at which were seated fifteen or twenty, and it was hard to get them waited on, he saw the tea and coffee which was passed up one side and down the other finally stopped, and none had come to him. Addressing the servant in most injured tones, he said,

“You have passed around the coffee,
And you have passed around the tea;
So, Amelia, if they are all helped,
For God sake, pass a cup to me.”

On another occasion Mrs. Sherrard remarked that she had forgotten to tell Mr. Sherrard to send up a barrel of flour and she did not have any for supper.

He quickly replied, glancing at one of the girls who used whitening on her face to excess, "Don't worry about that, Miss Virginia has enough on her face now to make a plate of biscuits."

That fall Kate Riely received her appointment in the Confederate Treasury Department. Mr. Jamison, of South Carolina, who married a relative, had charge of the Ladies' Bureau. Before going she made a handsome addition to her wardrobe in the way of a purple calico dress, for which she paid eleven dollars per yard. A calico dress in those days, prettily made and neat fitting, was considered nice enough for evening as well as morning wear. She came home the next summer on a month's leave of absence, bringing Miss Dickens with her.

General Early's Corps was in Winchester then. Major Harry Gilmore, from Baltimore, was at our house wounded, and was being nursed. His was an independent command like Mosby's, composed of Marylanders. He had been in love with Kate for some time and when he heard she was to arrive that day asked me to fix him up nicely, if I could, for he wanted to make a good impression. He was badly wounded through the lung and arm, but promised, in return, to speak a good word for me to General Lomex, who often came to see him. I fulfilled my part of the contract but he failed in his for Lomex

also fell in love with Kate, which did not set well with either of us. He wished he had never heard of Lomex, and so did I. But for all that, I wasn't a wall flower by any means, and had as many beaux as I could well handle at one time.

A very sad incident occurred about this time. One Saturday night our parlor was full of soldiers, about five to every girl, and among them was the Mr. Rust whom Milroy had allowed, when a prisoner, to take tea with us. He had been exchanged and returned to his command. He had been in love with me for some years but was painfully diffident and whenever on the eve of declaring his devotion, which had occurred several times, I always did or said something to embarrass him and throw him off the track. This evening he had tried hard to get an opportunity to speak to me but there was always one or two ahead of him. When the clock struck twelve, the hour for all to leave, he came to me and said, "I came especially to see you this evening on a matter of great moment to *me* but it is now midnight and I must leave without having a word with you. Can I escort you to church tomorrow morning?" I said, "Yes." "Well, the army is resting quietly but we may be ordered off in the morning. If I am not here when the bell rings, don't wait for you will know I have been detained. I have learned from one of the young

ladies that you have just turned Colonel Goodwin adrift and I greatly fear my time is coming next." With that, we parted.

In the morning I waited until the bells stopped ringing and started off for church alone; when I reached Market street I saw an ambulance coming and several soldiers riding behind it, and recognized Mr. Singleton Rust. He came towards me at once and said, "Miss Emma, I was just coming to see you to bring the sad news. My cousin, with whom you had the engagement, is a corpse in this ambulance, killed twenty minutes ago. His regiment had a skirmish this morning and he was the only man on our side killed." I was so shocked I could scarcely wend my way back home. This was only one of many sad and distressing scenes that were constantly coming under our observation.

Mr. David Conrad, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, had only two sons, so bright and promising. They marched into battle side by side and the same shell killed both. Mrs. Burrows, of Orange county, had five sons in the army, three of whom were killed the same day near Richmond.

In September, whilst Kate and Miss Dickens were enjoying their leave of absence, General Sheridan began his attack upon Early at Winchester. It was a day never to be forgotten by me. The fight began

early in the morning and I was told some of the lines of battle could be plainly seen from the top of the cemetery fence, whither many citizens were hurrying. The cemetery was only a short distance from our home. I joined a party and climbed to the top of the fence and seated myself on a post, where, with the aid of Major Gilmore's fine field glass, I could see the lines and sat watching until about ten o'clock, when the bullets began to whiz uncomfortably near and I thought I could see our men falling back.

On getting home I went in to tell Major Gilmore what I had seen and he told me he had sent a courier to ask General Early if it was necessary for him to move as he did not want to be captured. Just then the courier appeared, saying that General Early said to remain where he was, there was no danger. I stood talking, probably ten minutes longer, when I heard a great noise in the street. I said, "Listen, Major. What is all this. Let me go and see." Hurrying to the front of the house, I saw the retreat had begun and I ran back and told him the streets were blocked with artillery wagons and men, and the wounded were falling all along the pavement. He said, "Miss Emma, please hand me my trousers hanging there," and I hurried to the porch. How he dressed with his arm in a sling I do not know, but he was soon on the porch barefooted and in his shirt

sleeves, bareheaded, also begging for a horse. Fortunately, he was recognized by one of his own men, who, seeing his feeble condition, helped him mount his horse and ran by his side holding him on whilst Gilmore held the reins in his teeth for he had to use his good arm to support his wounded one.

Just as he left a poor, wounded fellow fell a few feet from the steps, bleeding profusely from the arm. One of the girls ran and got a towel and tied it tightly above the wound to stop the flow of blood, and he moved on. An ambulance just then stopped at the door with a young soldier we knew, wounded through the arm and lungs. He had gone into the fight unnecessarily as he was home on a furlough and his command not in that part of Virginia. His gallantry was so conspicuous that General Gordon called him to him in the midst of battle, took his name and command and told him he should be promoted after the battle. He was wounded a few moments later. When he drove up to our house he begged us to take him in quickly and nurse him for if sent to the hospital with so many wounded he would die. He was only nineteen years of age. We told him we could not take him; that there would not be a man on the place, and although we were seven females, we could do little for him without the assistance of a male nurse. He said he was growing weaker every mo-

ment from the loss of blood and begged most piteously to be taken in. We were all so excited and distressed we were half crazy, for our cousin Kate Sydnor was ill in the house at the time. We told the driver to take him out, we would do the best we could for him. He was taken out hurriedly and carried in, the blood spouting out of his wounds in a stream as thick as my finger. He begged us to try and stop a surgeon as quickly as possible as he could not hold out long. Miss Dickens took him in charge and began to work on him to staunch the flow of blood whilst the rest of us watched for a surgeon.

Presently one came riding along in the crowd, and a perfect chorus of voices said, "Oh! are you a doctor?" He reluctantly answered, "Yes." "Oh! won't you come in and try and stop a soldier from bleeding to death." "Yes, if you will watch my horse." We all promised to do that. He dismounted and went into the hall when suddenly his courage seemed to forsake him and he said, "Indeed, ladies, you will have to excuse me. I am afraid I will lose my horse and be captured." He was none too soon, for a soldier was in the act of mounting his horse although we protested and told them the owner had just gone inside for a moment. We did not know who the surgeon was and were indignant at him for leaving us so unceremoniously and abused him round-

ly for deserting us in our helpless condition. We know him now, and it was Dr. Row, at present our family physician, and when I told him the circumstances would appear in these pages he begged I would not mention his name as he had always felt ashamed of his conduct.

Now, you may care to know what became of this young man. We hurried a messenger to the general hospital in charge of an intimate friend, Dr. Love, asking him to send a surgeon to our house at once. He sent Dr. Dorsey, of Maryland, who made him comfortable, and Miss Dickens constituted herself his nurse and a faithful one she proved. He was paroled the next day and finally made his escape two months later. About every two weeks a party of soldiers with a surgeon would go around to all the private houses to examine the wounded to see when they would be ready to send off to prison. For a month before his escape he was well enough to sit up and play cards with us and we would have a great deal of fun. If the doorbell rang and any one looked out and caught sight of a blue coat, such a hustling into bed and groaning was never heard, and they would decide as he was not sitting up yet to wait a little longer. One day he announced his intention to escape. We told him he could not do so from our house as it would get us into trouble. So he left our

house and went to the York hospital. He did not report to Dr. Love but went into a ward with a friend and after nightfall made his escape. When they next came to our house we told them he had gone to the hospital. When they asked Dr. Love for him he said no such person had reported to him. He fell in love with Miss Dickens and addressed her, but she would not entertain his proposal.

To return to Early's retreat. The shells soon came whizzing over the house and bursting in every direction. All who were able to get there (servants included) sought refuge on the basement steps but poor Kate Sydnor and the wounded soldier were left to the tender mercy of God. We felt very anxious for fear she would die of fright, but consoled ourselves with the thought if she did she would have plenty of company for we were all on the verge of death from the same disease. Soon the enemy came dashing in from all quarters.

On the morning of the battle Sheridan had become doubtful about pressing his fight, not knowing whether Early had been reinforced. He sent a spy into Winchester to Miss Rebecca Wright, a former teacher of mine, a Quakeress, but a staunch Union woman, asking her to obtain the names of the divisions and probable strength of each for him. This she did, wrapped the information in writing in tinfoil, and

the spy carried it back in his mouth. The battle was fought and resulted in a victory for him. He afterwards presented her with a handsome watch and charm studded with diamonds and obtained for her a lifelong position under the government.

They were scarcely in the town before the Union men informed them that Colonel Harry Gilmore, the guerilla, was at our house badly wounded. They searched our house seven times by breakfast the next morning. As his clothes were there they would not be convinced he had gotten away.

That week our lives were made a burden to us. A division of cavalry encamped between our house and the cemetery and we had three outside doors to the house, not including the kitchen doors. There were seven females and only one poor wounded boy in the house. We had no protection, and every night the soldiers tried to force an entrance. We had no near neighbors to call upon for assistance, for our grounds covered the entire square, with the exception of the Presbyterian church on the corner. For one week we never dared undress at night for we were in terror for fear they would effect an entrance, as they tried the doors every night.

One evening just before lamps were lighted, Kate and myself were seated on our porch, Kate occupying the sill of the door, when a soldier stalked straight

up on the porch and attempted to step over her and get into the hall. She pushed him back with all her might, sprang inside, slamming the door, catching the night latch, whilst I ran to the corner to see if I could get assistance, calling to a neighbor who had some soldiers boarding with her. Auntie and Bettie Myers were on their way home when some neighbors called and told them to hurry, some soldiers were trying to get in our house. Two cavalry officers were walking just in front of them and she appealed to them for protection, and they came with her and when told how we had suffered said they would send us a guard at once.

Later, the guard was pacing his beat when he heard a group of soldiers planning an attack upon the house. He pounded upon the door vigorously and upon being let in said he wanted to get out the back way and run to camp for more men. In letting the guard in, Dr. Love was also let in. He had just come to look after the wounded boy. It was decided he and myself should go to cavalry headquarters and get an officer to come and sleep in the house. It was then nearly nine o'clock. The colonel said he would send another guard that night, but if further molested, would send an officer each night to sleep in the house. We brought an old man back with us to find that the first one had never returned since

Kate let him out the back door. He had evidently heard more than he relished. We were preparing to lie down without undressing, as usual, when there was a furious pounding on the door. It was the old man, who said if we would let him stay in the hall, he would guard us, but would not stay outside for he could hear men talking all around the house. What were we to do? If we brought him inside, we were all as much afraid of him as if he were a dog, and if we left him outside, he would go off and leave us. We decided it best to bring him in, and Evelyn was sent to make friends with him. She gave him some cake and he gave her some hard tack. He had a little girl at home. All sleep was banished from our eyes that night, with an armed sentinel at our doors locked in.

For several days Captain Fitzgerald stayed in the house; then a Major Stave was sent. He was aroused one night by the soldiers trying to force the door. He sprang up, demanded their business, and fired off his pistol, and they never molested us any more, for they knew then that there was a man in the house.

We felt we could not ask them to come continuously. Besides, they were liable to be ordered off any moment and a new set to take their places. So my uncle, Mr. Brent, and Mr. Philip Williams advised us by all means to take some officers to board with

us, so as to insure protection. An officer had asked my aunt about ten days before (when she went down to take some food to the prisoners) if she could tell him where he could get board with a private family. There was no hotel, all having been taken for hospitals. There were at that time ten thousand wounded of both sides in the town. She had told him she did not know of any one taking boarders, but when advised to take some herself for protection, she went to the commandant and asked him if he could tell her the name of the officer in charge of the prisoners. He told her it was Captain, afterwards Colonel Archibald A. Hopkins, son of the Reverend Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, and he was only too glad to come. He brought with him Colonel Mason Whiting Tyler, son of the Reverend Mr. Tyler, president of Amherst College, and Captain Robinson.

They were all men of great culture and refinement as well as the best social standing at home. They wrote home that they were boarding with some of the most noted Rebels in the place and when their replies came, they read portions to us advising them to leave at once or they would be poisoned, for they would be miserable until they left, and had spent sleepless nights ever since they heard it.

Colonel Tyler was our provost marshal and all citizens had to go to him for any privilege they wished

granted or to be relieved from any annoyance or depredation, but rather than go to his office and encounter such a military crowd, they would gather in numbers at our house at meal time, to make known their requests.

Some days the crowd would be so great that one would imagine an auction of rare bric-a-brac was on. Not keeping any stationery, pen, or ink at the house for this purpose, Colonel Tyler would invariably call on auntie for such articles, just as she was most engaged with preparations for meals, but she could not see the people in distress turned away for want of paper and ink upon which to enter the necessary permit, so she kept on furnishing, but it grew quite monotonous and one day, exasperating.

She came into the dining room, with a very flurried air, and thinking that she was alone with me, began to let off steam by saying, "Emma, for mercy sake, go and get Captain Tyler some paper and ink. These nasty stinking Yankees nearly worry me to death. I wish they were all dead." A vigorous clearing of the throat by Colonel Hopkins, who was seated in the shadow of the heavy red curtains, startled her almost into a scream, and in a most embarrassed way she said, "Oh, I mean these good-for-nothing citizens." He laughed heartily, for it was so perfectly apparent she was caught and scared to death.

Kate and Fannie Dickens were in a deplorable condition. They had been paroled by Sheridan, as it soon became known they were Confederate government employees. They were afraid of losing their positions by being absent; besides, they had come only for a month in summer time, leaving all their winter apparel in Columbia, South Carolina, and it was now November or December, I forget which, but very cold, and they were really suffering for warm clothing. They sent around several times to beg Sheridan to let them go out in our lines, but he always said, "Not yet," but jokingly remarked that he would have the quartermaster furnish them clothing. One day, by way of fun, they went to the quartermaster and asked for blank requisitions and filled them out. One wanted a becoming blue velvet bonnet and black silk dress, velvet cape, etc. The other wanted black velvet hat, silk dress, and fur cape. After filling them out, they sent them to General Sheridan, who thought it such a good joke he had it filed with the archives of war. It was at last announced that they would be sent out under a flag of truce the next day in charge of Colonel Tyler.

Whenever there was a flag of truce sent out, all citizens could write letters, leaving them unsealed, to be read at headquarters before sending, so there was little satisfaction in writing, for no matter how much you were being tried or persecuted, you could not re-

fer to it or your letter would not be sent. It was a relief to let your friends know that you had not been starved or burned out and were alive, if one cared to avail himself of the opportunity.

Colonel Tyler had completely lost his heart with Kate, and Captain Hopkins with me, as I long afterwards learned from the latter. Neither, however, dared give any sign of it to us, and seeing us only at meal times, they prolonged the meal hour all they could for conversation. When Kate was going to leave, Colonel Tyler thought he could not see her depart without giving her some idea of the state of his mind and heart, and to beg that when the "cruel war" was over, she would permit his attentions, so he wrote her a letter to that effect and sealing it, laid it with the mail at headquarters, thinking through courtesy to him as commandant of the town and in charge of the flag of truce, it would pass unopened with his official seal on it. He did not want Kate to know how he felt until he parted with her. But, alas! for him; his communication was read and withheld and turned over to the general. On his return he was relieved from command of the town and Captain Hopkins put in his place. When the charges were preferred, it was for writing to a rebel. He was most terribly mortified and chagrined, for it was known by all the officers. Kate was in blissful ignorance of it all until

after the war closed. He is a lawyer in New York now, and, with his wife and sons, has made Kate several visits.

Afterward Colonel Hopkins laughed and told me that he had learned a lesson from Tyler not to commit his thoughts to paper, but I quickly dispelled his hopes. He came one morning to say good-bye, as they had been ordered out against Mosby. Whilst his declaration was trembling on his lips, I replied most cheerfully, "Well, good-bye, I hope he will capture the last one of you." He thought that this did not sound as though he were likely to strike a responsive chord, so he left it unsaid.

Late one afternoon, a party of General Sheridan's staff came and took possession of our second floor for headquarters, four officers, four orderlies, and four negroes. We did not have time to take up carpets or remove anything of value, but they walked in our best apartments and made themselves thoroughly at home. Two weeks later they applied to my aunt for board for the officers, as they were too far from mess headquarters. My aunt consented, thinking it best to try to get some compensation for the wear and tear of our things. In this way I became acquainted with all of Sheridan's staff and many others distinguished in history.

Amongst those on his staff was Colonel Lawrence

Kip (son of Bishop Kip, of California), better known now as president of the New York horse show, where he displays his fine horses each year. All of them were West Point graduates, many of whose classmates I knew well on our side, and they always delighted in hearing about them. Colonel Kip was kind in giving us his rations, which were a great help to us. Each officer was entitled to draw as much as ten days' rations at a time, and they were worth having, being equal in quantity and quality to almost a month's in our army. Our poor soldiers were glad to get enough corn bread and meat, and frequently had one without the other, but sometimes received coffee and sugar, with flour, whilst the Yankees had sugar, coffee, tea, flour, molasses, meat, beans, dried fruits, and condensed vegetables for soups.

Captain Moore, grandson of old Bishop Moore, of Virginia, was on General Dwight's staff, who had his headquarters at Miss Barton's, near Winchester. They all became very much interested in her fine orphaned grandchildren, children of Col. Thomas Marshall, who had been killed in battle. These officers became quite fond of these children and at Christmas had a tree for them. They also took great interest in my sister, Evelyn, who was also an orphan, so when Christmas came they asked Mrs. Barton to send for Evelyn, which she did. The next morning, besides the

small things, such as candies, cakes, and fruits, there was a suit of clothes each for the boys and a dress and pair of shoes each for the girls, and they were made very happy.

Christmas morning a servant rang the bell, handed in a bundle, and disappeared. It was addressed to Miss Emma Riely, and contained a handsome dress skirt, pair of kid gloves, and shoes. I always suspected Colonel Kip, but did not wish to know positively.

I fared well, though, through Evelyn. They brought her five and ten pounds of candy frequently and always charged her particularly to divide with her sister. They were afraid to offer it to me outright for fear I would decline to receive it. I developed into a first class rogue whilst they were in the house, but I comforted myself with the feeling that "the end justified the means."

These officers kept a chest in their room filled with nice things, besides a barrel of ale in the cellar. They had a keg of brandy, lemons, sugar, crackers, etc., in this chest. I had charge of a ward of wounded Confederates at one of the hospitals, and those poor half-starved fellows needed stimulating, and I had it in my power to help them. These soldiers, our enemies were destroying *all* we had for miles around, so I availed myself of my only means of retaliation.

When they would go to headquarters I would put down the night latch to back and front doors and proceed to forage for my ward. A pint of brandy, enough sugar and lemons to make it palatable, some crackers, cigars, or anything I saw lying around loose, together with several bottles of ale, satisfied me for each night, and the poor suffering Rebs looked anxiously each day for my coming, and complimented me highly upon my success, as well as the quality. I felt like a culprit one morning when I heard them talking and saying to each other that one of the men or all must be dishonest, for they had only had that keg of brandy filled a short time before, and it was empty already.

Before the war our rooms were heated by Lattrobe stoves and registers, but not being able to get proper fuel for them, we had to substitute wood stoves in their places. Our parlor had been closed all winter, but one night Dr. Love, Confederate surgeon in charge of our wounded, wrote me he wanted to call, and said, "Can't we sit in the parlor this evening?" So I fixed everything so as to make a fire quickly, if needed, after he came. I started the fire as soon as he came. We were sitting there talking in a subdued tone to prevent the officers overhead from knowing any one was below, for our surgeons were not allowed to be out after eight o'clock and he had flanked

the sentinels to get to our house. Suddenly I heard the windows fly up on both sides of the house, and soon they came tumbling down the steps. I sprang to the door and turned the key just as they turned the knob. Finding it locked, they rushed to the sitting room opposite, and I heard them say to my aunt, "The house is on fire. We were sitting there when we found the room filled with smoke and we hoisted the windows, but we find the smoke still pouring out of the register which has something tacked over it. Come quickly with us and let us investigate before too late." Pointing to the parlor door, they said, "Give us the key and let us look in there." She said, "It can't be in there, for there has been no fire there this winter. Let's go to the basement." Whilst they were looking, their windows were up and the doctor and myself often laugh now at how we worked to put that fire out for we knew it was the cause of all the excitement and we were warm enough after our work without fire. After going over the house and seeing nothing to indicate fire, they returned to their room to find all the smoke gone, and they soon quieted down.

About that time Colonel Harry Gilmore, having recovered from his wounds, had returned to his command and had been captured whilst asleep in a house. He was brought to Winchester and put in irons. He sent me word to come and see him and bring his

Masonic badge, which he had given me to take care of when at our house recovering from his wound. His clothes were also at our house, for, if you remember, he escaped the day of the battle barefooted and in his shirt sleeves. I went to Colonel Parsons, the provost marshal, who told me he was in irons and no one could see him. I then went to General Sheridan's headquarters. I asked for Colonel Kip and told him my mission and asked him to say to the general I would like an interview with him. The general said he was busily engaged, and as Colonel Gilmore was not an ordinary prisoner I could not see him, but if I would send the badge to him, he would see that he received it, as he was also a Mason. The guard that went with him to Fort Warren came to tell me that Colonel Gilmore sent many thanks for my promptness and that the badge had been of great value to him.

Now, I have tried to tell you impartially of their kindnesses in many ways to us as individuals, but my pen fails me when I attempt to recall and picture the many disagreeable, contemptible acts committed under General Sheridan's orders, under the name of *war measures*. I knew him personally from an observation of nearly seven months' duration, and although history records him as a great military man, in some respects he was a low vulgarian. But the

proof of this assertion is not for these pages. It makes my cheeks fairly burn now when I remember going there one morning on business. I wore my hair curled and caught up in a bunch with a comb at the back of my head. Coming up to me in a most familiar way he took hold of one of my curls; toying with it, he said, "If you give me this I will send you a bridal present when you marry." Having captured several of Mr. Macon's letters, he was well posted about matters.

He devastated the whole country, far and wide, and in his report gloried over the fact, for he wrote, "I have destroyed a thousand barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming utensils. Have driven in front of the army four thousand cattle and have killed not less than three thousand sheep. So entire has been the destruction that a crow flying across the Valley must carry his rations." All that was left was destroyed by fire and the poor, suffering people were left in despair.

Miss Lucy Page, from Clarke county, drove up one morning in her handsome carriage and five horses to see Sheridan about some depredations committed by his men. She not only did not gain her point, but her horses were taken from her and her carriage chopped up with axes and she had to remain until she could get some one to take her home.

My friends, the Sherrards and Lees, were sent into our lines and their houses taken possession of. The offence of the latter was this. One of our town girls living opposite Mrs. Lee married a Federal surgeon. Some one asked Mrs. Lee if the bride had left. She replied, "I suppose so. I saw an ox team standing in front of the door, which was plenty good enough to carry off any Southern girl who would marry a Yankee." One of the servants repeated it to Sheridan, and they were sent out in a hurry.

Before sending Kate out they laid a trap for her into which she came very near falling. About nine o'clock one night our attention was arrested by a gentle tapping at the door and it was repeated several times before it could be definitely located. Upon finding it was the front door, it seemed more mysterious, for everyone used the bell. Upon inquiring who was there a voice in a whisper said, "Friend." Thinking it was one of our men in as a spy, we opened the door and a burly negro man dressed in full blue uniform, heavy blue overcoat on, stepped inside and said in a confidential whisper, "Is this where Miss Kate Riely lives?" "Yes." He quickly shut the door behind him and said he wanted to see her privately. She was afraid to go, but we told her we would stand in listening distance. He told her (after asking if any one could hear) he had just run the

blockade and had some mail for the citizens and wanted to know to whom it would be safe to deliver them and amongst them a very *important* letter for her and that he would call for the answer the next night as he was going back. The party had charged him not to return without *her* reply. The letter contained much of interest about friends, but asked her to get certain information for them, as it was important and this was a safe chance, etc.

The question of answering was discussed amongst us and I think she did write an answer next day, but late in the evening we doubted the propriety of running the risk for fear the negro might be captured, which would put her in prison, when she was so eager and anxious to get back South. Although willing, nay anxious as she was to help our cause in any way by giving the information, her better judgment told her the risk to her was too great. Accordingly, at the appointed time at night the negro called, tapping gently on the door as before, and when admitted, she told him to tell the party she was very sorry, but she could not write, as she was under parole, and besides, it was too great a risk every way, explaining carefully everything to him so that he could repeat it. He was bitterly disappointed and urged with the greatest persistence that she should still write. He would wait until she did, or if she could not do it just then, he

would wait until the next night, or if she would write right away, it would make no difference about the lateness of the hour for him, the later the better, and to feel no fear of capture, for he was in the habit of flanking the pickets and had never been caught, and he had promised so faithfully he would not return without it. To all of his importunities, she fortunately said "No." She was afraid. He left, showing great dissatisfaction.

About two weeks later, the door bell rang and a Lieutenant French wished to see Miss Kate Riely. When she went in, he told her he came as a friend to tell her something if she would promise never to divulge it, which she did. He asked if she remembered a negro man bringing her a letter a short time before which he urged her to answer. He said that that was a decoy letter, planned by General Sheridan to trap her. That man was never in the Confederacy. "I am an expert copyist," he said, "and was given the original letter to imitate the handwriting, and all those questions about information were added by me but dictated by the general. I was glad you were smart enough not to fall into the trap and I came to warn you against another." She thanked him profusely for his kind interest in coming. Now this was only one of the many ways people were tempted by them, only to suffer thereby. I suffered temptations

in another line after Kate was sent out under flag of truce. I have often thought I deserved great credit and showed some strength of character in resisting as I did.

Gold lace and brass buttons are attractive wherever seen or by whom worn, but when worn by West Point graduates, with all their culture and polish of manner, even more so. Added to this were their splendid turnouts, drags, sleighs with elegant buffalo robes for snow. Our street was the fashionable drive. I used to sit at the window and look with longing eyes at them, and they with equally longing eyes at me, as they dashed by time and again in the afternoons. Having these officers in the house, they rarely missed a meal without some invited guests, and in that way I knew a great many and they were all anxious to show me some attention if I would have permitted it. It was oftentimes hard to resist and required all the loyalty I could bring to bear to do so. The fact of their being eager to cultivate me was from no especial attraction of my own, but in times of war, when soldiers are separated from their homes and seldom come in contact with females, particularly those who were enemies, *any woman* they come in contact with would seem especially attractive.

Captain Allen, grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, watched his opportunity one morning when my

aunt was out to implore me to marry him. He said that he was going to attend his grandfather's golden wedding the next month, and if I would marry him just before starting, he said he would resign and go abroad. I declined and begged him never to mention the subject to me again. Another wrote and asked me if he could see me close at four P. M. I wrote on the back of his own note, "Miss Riely does not receive Yankees."

Colonel Kip had the handsomest tandem team among them. One afternoon, he had them harnessed to his lovely sleigh, lined with velvet and elegant robes. He rang the bell and asked to see me for a moment. When I went out, he begged and implored me to get in and take a drive with him. When I declined, he said, "You may put on double veils and I will take you out the back way and it is so late we will not meet any one, and no one will ever know you have been out. I am particularly anxious that you shall go this one time, and if you desire, I will not ask you again. Put on your veil and come." I said, "Impossible, Colonel. My conscience would be behind that veil." So you can understand how I, a girl of only seventeen, was tempted, and what a severe test it was to my loyalty and devotion to my country to be able to resist my enemies when I might have enjoyed so many privileges dear to a young girl's heart.

That winter Winchester had been in a dormant state socially. A kind of Rip Van Winkle sleep had fallen upon the people. All were apparently absorbed with their own cares and poverty, especially the latter, and had given up everything like sociability. Parlors had long since fallen into disuse, for entertaining was a thing of the past. Even church societies, the great gossip centers, had been abandoned. One day a lady arrived from the Confederacy, bringing several cheap war times recipes. Chief among them was a cake recipe, requiring only one egg and one cup of sugar to make a cake as big as a half bushel, the principal ingredients being buttermilk and soda. Well, from the time that recipe struck the town, it was as thoroughly aroused as if by an electric shock. Parlor blinds were thrown open and every household was bustling with activity. Ladies with their heads tied up could be seen rushing to and fro. Little niggers were seen running to the neighbors to borrow their best broom, for even they were fearfully scarce then and no one wanted to borrow a dust rag, for they possessed nothing else, their wardrobes being comprised of little else. Invitations were soon flying and tearing around town in every direction. Friends almost came to blows in their wild anxiety to have precedence in entertaining, for fear even the poor half starved Confederate hens would get on the contra-band list and the egg crop be cut short. I had so

many invitations that my ingenuity was sorely taxed to get up costumes, especially a variety, as I had only one good dress and was envied by some friends who did not possess even that. I would appear one night with a choking collar and basque, the next with the basque tails put inside, and a belt. Third, I would make a "V" neck by ripping off the collar; fourth, out would come the sleeves and then I would repeat each style in succession.

On and on went the gayety until I began to fear I would not have as much as a dress to appear in, as, it began to give evidence of the heavy tax upon it. But fortunately for me, as well as others, when we had all about given out and the people generally were broken down with the hilarity and indigestion over the dry cake, the *molasses pie*, hearing of what a daisy time the *cake* was having, determined to make its appearance and give the people a long needed rest, which it succeeded in doing most effectually, for from the time it struck the town it was laid out and Lent was decidedly in advance that year and doctors did a thriving business for awhile.

The molasses pie recipe, whose chief recommendation, like the cake, was cheapness, was as eagerly sought out as that for the cake. These pies were nothing but molasses or sorghum and lemons stewed together and baked in pastry. So easily made that

only three minutes were required to prepare them, so the recipe said. I suppose the lemons were intended to insure a rapid fermentation of the molasses.

My aunt immediately issued invitations for a dinner party, as she had a friend staying with her who expected to leave next day. The three-minute pies, as we always afterward called them, were eaten and complimented by the guests, and my aunt was feeling quite happy over being the possessor of such an economical recipe, but, alas! in three minutes time, the family was laid out with cholera, and the doctor had hard work to save us.

The stage coach drove up next morning for our guest who was to have been a passenger, and she sent the driver word that he came mighty near having a corpse to carry instead and to tell her friends that she hoped to see them later, if she lived, but to mob any woman who started molasses pies in their neighborhood.

Fully two-thirds of the people in town were laid out to a greater or less degree, and the doctors had a harvest for awhile. The stage driver was a noted character in the town, a negro, and known to everyone by the euphonious name of "Shug Evans." I suppose it was an abbreviation for sugar, though whatever suggested it to his mother, I am at a loss to know. On hearing that his passenger could not go on

account of illness, he said, "Dar now, what is de use of my gwine all de way up de valley jest to tote dis mail, I had dun engaged to take three ladies and every lass one of them down wid dem pies. Miss Emily, if you got any of dem left, for God sake, give me a piece and let me taste 'em and see what ale dem for something is de matter wid dem shore." My aunt replied, "Oh no, Shug, I can't give you any, for I do not wish to discontinue the mail."

When General Sheridan wintered in Winchester the wives of all the officers of higher and lesser rank spent the winter with them. On Sundays, our church (the Episcopal) was the scene of many brilliant congregations, with hundreds of officers in full uniform—officers whose names are now handed down in history. I recall one Sunday in the early spring when everybody seemed to have turned out to attend services, for the church was crowded. The Rev. Thompson Marny was our pastor then and positively refused to use the prayer for the "President of the United States and all others in authority." He was twice arrested and threatened with prison, but refused to yield, but agreed to omit the prayer. When the United States army was not there he said President of the Confederate States. This particular Sunday there were present General Sheridan and staff—Custer, Torbert, Hays, Dwight, Emery, Fessenden,

and many others I cannot recall — with their respective staffs abounding in gold lace, brass buttons, epaulets, etc., the wives of those married accompanying them. Besides there were hundreds of regimental and company officers, making the congregation one grand military spectacle. In the midst of the sermon a courier marched up the aisle, handed General Sheridan a dispatch which he opened and read, whispered something to the bearer, nodded to Custer and several others, and the whole military part of the congregation rose en masse and left the church. Some unexpected activity in our camp had caused the alarm. Mr. Marny might just as well have closed the services, for no one listened to him or heard a word he said, but all sat wondering what would happen next.

As spring approached the campaign was mapped out for what proved to be our last struggle for independence, for our army was depleted in numbers and resources and in no plight to confront our enemies who had unlimited resources and were thoroughly equipped in every respect. Sheridan had been months getting his army in thorough order — drilling and inspection had been going on daily for months, and his army was in magnificent trim when they started for Petersburg. I witnessed one of the grandest spectacles that can be imagined as they were

leaving — 20,000 cavalry passing our house four abreast, thoroughly equipped in every detail. Their horses, having been in winter quarters so long, had been fed high and curried and rubbed until their coats shone like satin. Each man had a new saddle, bridle, and red blanket, and all their accoutrements such as swords, belts, etc., shone like gold. It was a grand sight, requiring hours in passing.

Colonel Kip and Colonel Gillespie came to say “good-bye,” and told me the war would soon be over, but I did not believe them. Colonel Kip asked if I would send him my card as soon as peace was declared in token of my willingness to receive his attentions. The next day the express drove up with a package from New York, an immense pyramid cake, with Colonel Gillespie’s card, hoping I would accept it as a parting gift. I immediately sewed it up in several cloths to exclude the air and keep it fresh to feed my Reb friends on when they came back victorious, but the only ones who ever tasted it were those poor, starved fellows who came back after the surrender.

General Hancock now assumed command in Sheridan’s place, and a regiment of New York Zouaves was on provost duty. Colonel Carr, commanding, came to our house to protect us and to board, bringing Captain Agnus and bride. He is now General

Felix Agnus, of Baltimore. My aunt succeeded in enlisting their sympathies by constant referenee to the orphans she was raising and would apply to Colonel Carr for help in all matters. When the garden needed work, or the carpets were to be shaken, grounds cleaned, etc., she would go to him and he would send the chain gang of red-legged Zouaves for hours to put things in order. It was a novel sight to see fifteen or twenty bloomer-legged soldiers with fez caps making the dirt fly in every direction, but my aunt did not enjoy it. Later, after seeing we had a good supply of garden tools, they came one morning to demand ours to clean the public streets. The servant had opened up the house early to air when a squad of soldiers marched into our parlor (a novel place to find garden tools) and the foreman, mistaking his own image in the long mirror for the gentleman of the house, began to demand the tools. He soon discovered his mistake and the roar of laughter from the squad at his expense aroused us all from our sleep.

My aunt had been begging General Sheridan to allow her to go to Baltimore, but he always refused. She sent me one day to see what I could do with him. He refused me also, saying the weather was too inclement, he could not think of allowing her to run such a risk in changing her room. Several weeks

later, a bright warm day in March, I was crossing the street and I met General Sheridan. As he stepped aside to allow me to pass, he remarked, "A perfectly lovely day, Miss Riely." I replied, "Yes, just the weather for Baltimore." He laughed heartily and passed on. That afternoon he sent for me to come to headquarters, and presenting me with the pass for Baltimore, said, "You caught me so cleverly this morning I can no longer refuse."

The spring campaign opened with a series of disasters to our army and our poor, half starved, ragged and broken down men surrendered at Appomattox, the details of which are too sad to relate, and are still fresh in our memory. Many returned home barefooted and hatless, broken down in health and spirits, to begin life over again — property all destroyed by one army or the other — slaves emancipated and no money to hire labor with.

General Fitzhugh Lee, in his history of the life of his uncle, General Robert E. Lee, very pathetically relates the last hours at Appomattox, which I will insert in these pages, as well as General Lee's farewell address to his army. He says the formalities were concluded between Generals Grant and Lee without dramatic accessories, and then Lee's thoughts turned to his hungry, starving veterans and to his prisoners. He said to Grant, "I have a thousand or more of your

men whom we have required to march along with us for days and I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as can be arranged as I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living on parched corn for the last few days and we are badly in need of rations and forage." The rations sent to the Southern army had been captured. When Grant suggested he would send twenty thousand rations the latter told him it would be ample and assured him it would be a great relief. The Confederate commander then left and rode away to break the sad news to the brave and faithful troops he had so long commanded. His presence in their midst was an exhibition of their devotion to their commander. The troops gathered in crowds around him, eagerly desiring to shake his hand. They had seen him when his eye calmly surveyed miles of fiercely raging conflict, had closely observed him when tranquil and composed. Undisturbed, he had heard the wild shout of victory rend the air. Now they saw their beloved chieftain a prisoner of war, and sympathy, boundless admiration and love for him filled their brave hearts. They pressed up to him, anxious to touch his person or even his horse, and copious tears washed from strong men's cheeks the stain of powder. Slowly and painfully, he turned to his soldiers and with voice quivering with deep emotion, said, "Men, we have

fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more." It was a simple, but a most affecting scene.

On the next day he took formal leave of his army. After doing so he lifted his hat in silence and rode through a weeping army to his home in Richmond.

LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose services have endeared them to their countrymen. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind, generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell. ROBT. E. LEE.

CIRCUMSTANCES AND CONDITIONS IN WINCHESTER AT THE TIME OF THE SURRENDER

We had all retired early on Sunday night, the 9th of April, having no churches open at night, and we

had only been asleep a very short time when we were aroused by cannons booming and brass bands playing at the different headquarters, making such a din that we could scarcely recognize the tune of any one of them. Hearing soldiers run by the house, we threw up the windows and called to know what was the matter. The reply was, "Hurrah for Grant. Lee's surrendered." We all fell back on our pillows as if shot and not a word was spoken, but sobs were audible and a sad, sorrowful night we spent. Our hearts went out to General Lee more than to any other individual, for we well knew what he was suffering. All night long this din was kept up and we were miserable, for we could hear nothing of the particulars, as we were cut off from all communication.

That week General Hancock issued an order that the whole town should be illuminated in honor of Lee's surrender, and in order that there should be no excuse, citizens not able to furnish their own light would be supplied by the commissary. I shall always regret that I lost the copy of the order left at our house. Now for this order alone, I can never forgive the democrats, many of whom were ex-Confederate soldiers, for nominating and voting for him for President years afterwards. Imagine a town full of Southern people whose hearts were bleeding and torn by the sad news that had so recently reached them, the particulars of the last battles and the losses

sustained all unknown, and fearing the worst for their loved ones with Lee, being compelled by military force to illuminate in token of their rejoicing over our condition. It is needless to say we were all wrought up to the highest degree. Groups of people were seen in every direction discussing what was best to be done and if they would dare to mob our houses in event of our refusing to obey orders. Some vowed they would die before they would do it. Others felt they must, although it nearly broke their hearts.

Up to four o'clock in the afternoon, we were still undecided and had made no effort to obtain candles and oil. I concluded to go over to the Conrad's to see what they were going to do. They lived opposite to us on a hill, and with one other exception owned the most conspicuous house and grounds in the town. Mr. Conrad was a most determined, brave man and a good person to consult with if at all weak in your own resolutions. I found that he had gone to General Hancock's headquarters on that very business, to address him and make an appeal in behalf of the citizens. So I waited to hear the result. After some time he came, mopping the perspiration from his brow, for he was greatly excited. He said that after stating the case plainly to the general and making no impression, he said, "Well, General Hancock, you can destroy every member of my family and burn

my house to the ground but illuminate, I *will not*." He left and awaited the consequences. I said, "What must I tell my aunt to do?" "Tell her to close every blind and go to bed without any light, for my house shall be conspicuous for its total absence of light." I told him that I would go over home and tell my aunt and return there later, for I could watch our house from there and I wanted to see the town when illuminated, especially the different headquarters, which were the largest and handsomest houses, and the hotels, which were hospitals. All had been decorated in the national colors, ready for the illumination. The McGuire home was near headquarters, but Mrs. McGuire was not a timid woman and she had closed her blinds and total darkness reigned.

The town presented a beautiful picture about 8:30 P. M. Some of the headquarters were lovely; bands were playing in every direction and cannons booming. Angry mobs were gathering around many houses, but the most demonstrative one was at the McGuire's. Suddenly all lights were extinguished and bands ceased. We could not imagine what was the matter, but soon found that news had come flashing over the wires that Abraham Lincoln had just been assassinated in the theater in Washington. Lights had been quickly extinguished and the stillness of death settled upon the town. The colors were

quickly taken down and replaced by the emblems of mourning. We felt it was a judgment sent upon them for their disregard of our feelings, but later on we learned to feel his death a national calamity, for President Davis would never have suffered all the indignities heaped upon him, Mrs. Surratt would never have been hung in her innocence, and the work of reconstruction would have been differently administered, had he lived.

And here let me say a few words in justification of President Davis, for whom Northern people have little respect, and I am sorry to say, some in the South are inclined to blame him for many misfortunes that befell the South, and for the prolongation of the war; but all fair-minded people will admit that had he attempted to make any terms for peace other than a recognition of our rights, he would have been considered a traitor and mobbed by his people. He was a senator from Mississippi when the states began to secede and was standing on the floor of the senate pleading for the preservation of the Union when the telegram came saying that his state had left the Union. He reluctantly resigned his place in the senate and cast his fortunes with his state. The South, to show its recognition of his great ability as a statesman, chose him as its leader and elected him President, which position he filled to the best of his

ability under all the trying circumstances of the war. He was, like Lee, a military man by education, a graduate of West Point, and rendered distinguished military services in Mexico. He was a thorough Christian, who lived up to his profession. Even after his capture, when he sat in chains, like a felon in a prison cell at Fortress Monroe, and had been subjected to all sorts of cruel indignities, he recognized and exemplified that great living principle of character and Christianity — forgiveness — and in reply to a direct question from his pastor, was able to take the Holy Communion with the assurance to his minister that he was at peace with all mankind. He was a great man, a typical Southern Christian gentleman, and the South will never forget to do him honor. Not only so, but the time will come when the North will acknowledge that Fitz Lee, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis and all the rest of them were not rebels and traitors, but honest patriots, true to every American principle and loyal to the land that gave them birth.

The Confederate soldiers now began to return to their homes, and Kate returned, with many interesting accounts of the flight of herself and Fanny Dickens from Columbia, South Carolina, the headquarters of the treasury department. She had lost her trunk in the flight, and never expecting to see it again, she entertained us with vivid accounts of the many valu-

able costumes she had lost in this trunk and the very heavy loss she had sustained. Nothing could console her for the loss of her new \$600 bonnet she had never worn, and she never tired of describing its beauty. I tried to console her by offering to make her one to replace it and she finally consented but did not enthuse much over my production, for the memory of her "lost beauty" was too fresh in her mind. We had Baltimore styles then and the bonnets were little three-cornered pieces that fitted in between the "rats, mice and waterfalls," as the style of wearing the hair was called. Any little scrap would make a bonnet. The family grew weary of her lamentations over the lost trunk and tried to console her by telling her she ought to be thankful if she never recovered it, for it had been expressed and the company was responsible and she would get \$100. She indignantly resented the idea, when she had a six hundred dollar bonnet for one thing in it, and that purple calico dress for which she had given eleven dollars for one yard. It was preposterous — only one hundred dollars for all it contained. Months afterwards the express drove up with an old dilapidated, war-beaten Saratoga, tied with a rope, and so empty (although it had never been opened) that when it struck the pavement, it sounded as hollow as the grave. As soon as it was taken upstairs, black and white gathered around to

see the valuable contents of this much talked of gold mine. Everybody dived for the bonnet. I am so sorry it was destroyed. There was enough material to make six of the style being worn then. It was a veritable flower garden of greenery, a bunch of roses and vines of the sickliest hues you can imagine. The whole crowd exclaimed, "Is this the lovely bonnet? I wouldn't wear it in the back yard," and all roared with laughter, for Kate's disgusted expression was scarcely less amusing than the bonnet. Throwing it on the floor she gave it a kick, saying, "How on earth did I ever imagine this thing pretty?" When she had nearly demolished the bonnet, she returned to the trunk and seizing the purple calico in her arms, she said, "I would rather have this than anything else, for I have caught more beaux in it than most girls do in silks and satins."

One could imagine, now that the war was ended and blood was no longer to be shed over the land, the worst was over and all was plain sailing once more, but new and serious complications now stared the blighted Sunny South in the face. When we look back, we stand aghast and wonder how we ever lived to master them. The Southern men returned to their destitute homes broken down from four years of arduous life and exposure, broken in health and spirits; property, which consisted mainly in slaves,

swept from them and their lands laid waste by either one army or the other. Never having been reared to work they were unfitted by education and four years of hard service, to begin life anew, and they were perfectly destitute of money. So one can scarcely imagine a more pitiable aspect than the South presented in the spring of 1865 — men returning home barefooted and bareheaded and ragged, to find their families scarcely less destitute. I often wonder what prevented a suicidal mania, such as is sweeping the land today, from taking possession of the Southern soldier. But the Southern men and women were not made up of such material. They had sacrificed their all for their country and independence, had never shown cowardice on the battlefield and were resolved now to conquer their memories, hunger and want (which presented themselves on every side), and with the help of their wives and daughters they succeeded until now the “New South” is the envy of the land. In all their efforts they were assisted by an all wise and merciful Providence “who doeth all things well” and caused the war to cease just in time for the seed time. Had the end come much later we could not have raised any crops and winter coming on would have found us even more destitute than we were, but the end occurring just as it did, followed by a seasonable year, the yield was great and thanks to His

goodness and mercy, winter found our condition more hopeful and we were, as we always will be, a happy, contented people.

I trust the coming generation will never experience the many sad days of trial and suffering we passed through in the South.

(Added since the Cuban War ended)

The contrast to me has been marked in the treatment of the Spanish admiral and President Davis; one given luxurious quarters and feasted and feted on the best the land afforded, given the limits of the city and treated as the guest of the land. The other, a poor, delicate, frail man, was doomed to a felon's cell, bound in chains, allowed a small space once a day to exercise in whilst the crowd outside mocked and jeered him in derision until it was a relief to him to return to his bare cell where even reading and writing matter was denied him. The comfort of an occasional visit from his wife was also refused, and yet he bore it without a murmur. He was fed upon corn bread and fat meat.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY

REUBEN CONWAY MACON

Thirteenth Virginia Infantry
Stonewall Jackson's Corps



REUBEN CONWAY MACON

REMINISCENCES

I left my home, Mt. Chene, in Orange county, Virginia, on the 23d day of April, 1861, to join the Confederate army, then stationed at Harper's Ferry. I took the cars at Gordonsville and could go only as far as Manassas that day, remaining at Manassas that night on board the cars with quite a number of recruits who were going to join the companies that had gone to Harper's Ferry from Orange.

These companies were three in number: the Montpelier Guards under Captain Lewis B. Williams — this company was afterwards known as Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry; second, Gordonsville Greys under Captain William C. Scott, afterwards Company C, 13th Virginia Infantry; third, Barbourville Guards under Captain William S. Parron, afterwards Company F, 13th Virginia Infantry. These companies had left Orange on the 17th day of April, 1861, the day Virginia seceded from the Union. I did not go then as I was not a member of any of these companies but followed on six days later. The next morning after reaching Manassas, we took the train for Strasburg where we arrived at twelve o'clock (noon).

A number of farm wagons were there to convey us to Winchester, eighteen miles distant, reaching there about dark. Here accommodations had been made for troops passing through, in a large warehouse where we spent the night. The next morning we took the cars for Harper's Ferry, where we arrived about noon. I joined the "Barboursville Guards" as that company was made up of men from my immediate neighborhood.

I found the company quartered in one of the work shops of the army, anything but comfortable or desirable as quarters, for the room was filled with machinery and there was not an inch of space on the floor or benches but what was saturated with oil, so in spite of all the caution we could exercise, our new uniforms and blankets soon became very much defaced.

The uniforms were very perishable, being gray pants and red jackets with white belts and cross straps. The troops were hurried from home with only about four hours' notice, and it is amusing now to recall how they were armed. The best arms of the company were flint lock muskets changed to percussion. There were some thirty of these in good order, then came a lot without bayonets and others without locks and still others without ramrods and not a cap or cartridge in the company. I believe that just before reaching Harper's Ferry there was issued three rounds of ammunition to each man. Notwith-

standing their poor equipments, had the enemy appeared, I am quite sure that after their ammunition had become exhausted, they would have used their bayonets.

Drilling now was the order of the day; an hour before breakfast, another hour as soon as the meal was over, and so on until about six or eight hours a day were consumed in that way. I remember the day after I enlisted, the company was formed for drill and I was ordered to fall in with the rest of the men. Never having been instructed, of course I knew nothing of the manual of arms or the facings, which the captain saw at once and ordered Lieutenant Wood to take me out of the company and take me through the manual and facings. Of course, it was a matter of mortification with me to see so many men who were inferior to me in education, social position, and every other respect, going through movements that I could not, so I determined to learn as quickly as possible.

While Lieutenant Wood was instructing me he laughed, and when we stopped, I asked what he was laughing at. He said, "I could not help being amused to see what strict attention you were paying and how rapidly you were learning." After an hour or two he took me back to the company and told the captain he thought he could put me in the company and this was the only separate instruction I ever had.

We remained at Harper's Ferry several weeks

when Major Jackson, afterward known as the famous "Stonewall" Jackson, was assigned to the command of the troops there. He commenced at once to organize the troops into regiments. The three Orange companies — one from Louisa county, two from Culpepper county, two from Hampshire county (now West Virginia), one from Winchester, and one from Baltimore, Maryland, composed the 13th Virginia Infantry. The regimental officers were A. P. Hill, colonel; James A. Walker, lieutenant-colonel, and J. B. Terrell, major. We now commenced battle drill and dress parade four times per day.

Some time the last of May there was an alarm that the enemy was approaching by way of Shepherdstown. I remember well it was a beautiful evening and the troops were ordered to meet them, the 13th Virginia in advance. We had only gotten a short distance when the clouds began to gather and very soon there came on the most terrific hail storm I ever experienced in my life. It seemed as though heaven was expending its wrath upon us and that we would all perish. Many thought the end of the world was at hand. Among others, Judge John W. Bell, of Culpepper (who was a private in the ranks), prayed most fervently that the Lord would spare us and by the time his prayer was finished, the sun came out as suddenly as it had commenced to hail. The judge

rose, shook himself, and striking his long beard, said, "Boys, wasn't that the damnedest hail storm you ever saw?" Nor were our troubles over, for the tremendous fall of hail soon melted into water which flowed in every direction, and I can say, without exaggeration, that we marched for several miles in mud and water in many places up to our waists.

We reached Shepherdstown after dark, cold and wet to the skin, and covered with mud from head to foot. The good citizens made arrangements to get us all under shelter and many were furnished with delightful suppers, but upon this occasion my good luck forsook me for I did not get a mouthful. I remember my good friend and cousin, Conway Newman, and several others of the company with myself, were shown to a room where there was nothing but a fire place and a ewer; plenty of wood was provided and we soon had a good fire. Some of the men disappeared with the ewer and soon returned with it full of whiskey — there being any quantity of that to be had without money or price. After a drink or two around, the fun commenced. The men began patting, singing and dancing which they kept up until day.

Soon after our fire was lighted, Conway Newman and myself saw that we were so plastered over with mud that even after drying it, it would be impossible

to rub it off without rubbing our clothes to pieces. There was but one thing to do and that was to wash it off, which was easy to do as there was a pump in the backyard of the house we were in. I got under the spout and he pumped water on me until I got the mud off of myself, pumping the water all over my head, back, and limbs; then, he got under and I pumped on him. We were really no wetter than we were before, but the mud was all gone. We now went back to the room and after taking off and wringing our uniforms, holding and turning them to the fire, we became reasonably dry by morning. It was about the best thing we could have done as there was not a chair, bench, table, or bed; in fact, nothing except the aforementioned ewer. We had to stand or squat around the fire all night, whilst our roommates were dancing, singing, and drinking, the supply of whiskey being often replenished during the night.

Morning at last dawned and after pulling our clothes out and doing our best to make them presentable, we appeared on the street and were soon taken in by some kind gentleman to breakfast with his family. Such a breakfast it was: tea, rolls, biscuits, beefsteak, syrup, and many other good things, which to a lot of soldiers who had marched ten or twelve miles through a hail storm and mud and had eaten nothing since 12:00 M. the day before or slept a wink

that night, was a feast never to be forgotten. The ladies of the house waited on us and insisted we did not eat like soldiers who had had such a terrible march but I am sure it was only said by way of making us feel comfortable. I omitted to say all this suffering and marching was for naught as it was a false alarm. As soon as breakfast was over, the troops were formed and the return march to Harper's Ferry commenced with as footsore and broken down a lot of men as is often seen. This was our first march. We little dreamed what was before us for the next four years.

We remained in Harper's Ferry until June, when after all the machinery of the armory had been shipped to Richmond to be used in the armory there, we fell back to Winchester. General Joseph E. Johnston had been put in command of the troops. We remained there several weeks when an expedition of two regiments under Colonel A. P. Hill was sent to Romney, Hampshire county, forty miles distant. Being Colonel Hill's regiment, of course the 13th Virginia was in advance. We made the march in two days, sent a detachment to New Creek on the B. & O. R. R., which dispersed a small force of the enemy there, without a capture. We returned to Winchester where we remained until General Patterson advanced to Martinsburg. Then we marched to Darks-

ville to meet him and offered him battle for three days, which he declined.

Martinsburg being surrounded by stone fences and other good means of defence, General Johnston thought it inexpedient to attack him at that point. Johnston remained around Winchester coquetting with Patterson until July when one evening the order came to pack and be ready to march. In an hour we were on the road to Piedmont Station, Manassas R. R., where trains were to meet the troops and convey them to Manassas Junction for the first battle there. We made a forced march, wading the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry and then took the cars to Manassas, reaching there about noon and were hurried off to the Confederate right but were not engaged in the fight as there was no demonstration in our front. We remained around Manassas for a few days after the battle and were then sent to a camp near Fairfax Station where we remained the rest of the summer and part of the fall.

We then went into winter quarters at Camp Walker, about a mile from Manassas. This was our first winter in the army and each "mess" had to put up its own hut. In the mess with me were Conway Newman, Oscar Fitzhugh, C. Linn Graves, and Thomas A. Marshall. We soon went to work and had a log hut 14 ft. by 14 ft. We had to carry the logs upon

our shoulders for a half a mile, each taking an end, and in this way we carried them to where the camp was located. We remained in this camp all winter, doing little but camp guard and picket duty. The picket line was some four miles off where the different regiments taking it by turns would stay a week.

I remember on one occasion when my regiment was doing picket duty, we had quite a snow storm and my company was in reserve and there was a negro cabin near by where the reserve was quartered. My "mess" determined to try and rent the house for the night which we succeeded in doing, the negroes moving out to a neighbor's in consideration of the rent we paid. We took possession and found quite a comfortable looking bed in there. When we went to spread down our blankets on the floor for beds, the negro servant (who always went with us) undressed and retired in the bed. Whilst there were a half a dozen white men lying on the floor, one negro was comfortably resting in the bed.

The 9th of March, 1862, we broke camp at Manassas and began to retire in the direction of Gordonsville as McClellan was advancing upon Richmond by way of the peninsula. It was on this march that we first began to feel the pangs of hunger that were so familiar to us afterwards. I remember when we reached the Rappahannock river, our supplies were

exhausted and a lot of sheep were killed and issued to us without salt. My mess felt that we would be more fortunate than others as we had packed in the wagon a remnant of what was issued to us to cook up for the march and among other things, a little coffee and salt. Imagine our sore disappointment in this our time of gnawing hunger and need to find that in the hurry of packing, the salt and coffee had gotten mixed, making both useless.

We continued our march to Gordonsville where all the troops were hurried to meet McClellan, except Ewell's division of which my regiment was a part. In a day or two, we moved as far as Liberty Mills on the Newmarket pike. Here we remained some days when the regiment was reorganized; that is, an election of officers took place (both regimental and company). A. P. Hill having been promoted to brigadier-general, J. A. Walker was elected colonel; J. B. Terrel, lieutenant-colonel; J. B. Sherrard, major, and William S. Grymes, surgeon. The officers in my company (F) were Captain A. J. Ehart, Lieutenants C. L. Graves, Conway Newman, and R. C. Macon.

In a day or two we marched by way of Stewardsville to Conrad's Station in Rockingham county to join "Stonewall" Jackson on his famous Valley campaign. After remaining here for two weeks, we were on the march again and took the route down

the Luray valley to Front Royal where we encountered the Union forces, a part of General Banks's army. We soon put them to flight and captured a number of wagons, supplies and prisoners. Prominent among them was Colonel Kenley's 1st Maryland Cavalry. The next morning we moved on to Winchester where we expected to have a big battle, but, after a feeble resistance, Banks retreated down the Valley, leaving many valuable stores in Winchester and burning most of his wagon train. We captured 2,500 or 3,000 prisoners. We followed him as far as Hall Town, near Harper's Ferry, when Jackson received information that Fremont was advancing through West Virginia with a large force and General Shields was marching by way of Front Royal and they were to unite in his rear and capture his army.

We now commenced a forced march to escape them, being encumbered with our captured supplies and a large number of prisoners, but we made all possible haste. When our rear guard passed Strasburg, the point General Fremont expected to reach in rear of Jackson, it was just one-half an hour before Fremont's advance guard arrived. From this time on, it was a constant skirmish between the rear of our army and the advance of the enemy. During all this time, there was no chance to unload wagons for supplies or to cook them. Our troops were brok-

en down, hungry, and footsore from constant marching on short rations, and really had nothing for two days. This running fight was kept up until Sunday, when we had reached Cross Keys, six or eight miles east of Harrisonburg, in Rockingham county.

When Jackson determined to give Fremont battle, it was a lovely Sabbath day and we were deployed to attack "Blankers Dutch" division. We advanced through a rye field. The grain this June day was as high as our heads and there was a battery of artillery playing upon us as we advanced. The infantry was concealed in a piece of woodland. They fired several volleys and fell back. Here I received my first wound (June 6, 1862), a ball in my right thigh, but I did not leave the field until the fight was over. Our regiment lost eight or ten men. I still have this ball
— in my thigh as the surgeons were never able to reach it with their probes. I was wounded on Sunday morning and I had not had a mouthful of anything to eat since the Friday before. When I reached the hospital, Rev. John William Jones, our chaplain (afterwards chaplain to General Robert E. Lee), brought me some biscuits and a cup of black tea and I thought it the most delightful morsel that had ever passed my lips. The next day I was sent to Charlottesville and from there I reached home where I remained about a month, missing the seven days' fight around

Richmond, but I returned to my command in time for the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, where Jackson again defeated General Banks, then under General Pope. After this battle, we returned to our camp south of the Rapidan river and remained until some time in August, when we went around Pope's rear and captured Manassas, and fighting the second Manassas battle, Groveton and others forcing Pope's army back upon Washington.

Now the army advanced into Maryland, fighting the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. Upon this march my faithful negro servant, Cornelius, died. After Sharpsburg, Lee crossed the Potomac and we remained in camp until we started on the march to Fredericksburg to meet Burnside, who was advancing upon Richmond by that route. This was a march of more than a hundred miles for troops who had been almost constantly on the road since the 9th of March and in cold weather, with many of the men without shoes or overcoats, for they were very scarce, but as usual with Confederate soldiers, they moved off cheerfully, and full of confidence that with such a leader as General Lee, *victory* would be theirs.

It was no uncommon sight to see men marching with moccasins on their feet made from the hide of the beef that was killed the night before. I never came near being barefooted but once. My boots

would hardly hold together. I was passing one of our wagons when the negro driver seeing my condition, said: "Lieutenant, I have a good pair of shoes I will sell you." I was glad of the opportunity so asked him to let me see them. He brought out a half worn pair of shoes and said that I could have them for *twenty dollars*. I took them, but that night one of our men, who had been home on sick leave, joined the command and he brought me a pair of boots sent by my good, thoughtful mother, so the shoes were on the market again and soon found a willing purchaser.

We marched rapidly, passing through Orange Court House, but it was impossible for any of us to call at home, and we could only see our friends as they marched along by the side of us. We reached Fredericksburg some time the early part of December and occupied the Confederate right, where we fought on the 13th of the same month. We were heavily engaged until after dark, when the firing was over for the night. We were relieved by other troops and fell back a few hundred yards but were still on the battle field. We were ordered to lie down and make ourselves as comfortable as possible without fire as that was prohibited though it was a cold night. We wrapped up in our blankets and were soon asleep. When I laid down, I saw something near me which I took for an old log. We were in the woods and had

no light. I could have touched it by stretching out my hand. Imagine my surprise when I awoke next morning to find it was a dead Union soldier.

This was a cold frosty morning and we were soon placed in position on a high ridge where we had full view of Burnside's army drawn up in an open field in three lines as far as the eye could see. It was the finest display that I saw during the war. Every man seemed to be draped in a new suit of blue with fine overcoats and the reflection of the sun on their bright guns dazzled the eye.

Shortly after being in position on this ridge, there came along one of the "Tiger" battalions from New Orleans. This battalion was made up principally of Irishmen from the wharves, brave fighters, but equally noted for their love of plunder. As these fellows came up, one of our men said: "Pat, look over yonder. The whole face of the earth is covered with Yankees." "Faith," said he, "if they come this way, I will have an overcoat before night." He evidently had visions of stripping a dead man before night fell.

It really did seem strange that our ragged legions could repel such a splendidly equipped army as that in front of us. We remained in position all day expecting an attack, but none came, and that night we again fell back and slept as we did the night before.

The next morning we were surprised to find Burnside had taken his army across the river to their former camp.

We now went hard to work putting up huts for our winter quarters, as it was very cold. We soon had them up and made ourselves comfortable. This camp was a half mile from Hamilton's Crossing on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. We spent the winter in camp except when on picket duty on the Rappahannock river. We would be on one bank of the river and the Yankee pickets on the other, and we would exchange tobacco for coffee and also exchange newspapers by sending them across in miniature boats the soldiers would construct.

My regiment was on picket duty April 27th, when "Fighting Joe" Hooker commenced to cross the river, he having succeeded Burnside in command of the United States army. He had a larger army than Burnside's and was very confident of carrying everything before him. My division, commanded by General Early, was left before Fredericksburg to watch Sedgwick's forces, while the rest of Jackson's corps went off on an expedition to flank the other portion of Hooker's army which he accomplished and soon had Hooker on the north side of the river in the same old camps. I had now been promoted to adjutant of the 13th and our brave and gallant Colonel J. A. Walker

had been made brigadier-general and put in command of the famous "Stonewall Brigade."

The weather was getting warm and roads were improving which meant the army would soon be moving. So the first part of June, our corps (now commanded by General Ewell) started for the Valley and soon surprised and captured most of Milroy's army at Winchester with all of their trains, supplies, etc. Milroy barely escaped, and soon the rest of Lee's army was up and the advance into Pennsylvania was begun. The large number of prisoners and enormous amount of supplies captured made it necessary to leave a provost guard at Winchester.

My regiment was detailed for this purpose, causing us to miss the battle of Gettysburg. While on this duty, the officers boarded with the citizens of the town. With a number of others, I boarded with a most excellent lady, Miss Long. One evening, while at supper, she said to me and the other officers at the table, that there were some young ladies in the parlor and she would be glad to have us go in and meet them. We went in and I was seated by Miss Emma Riely, a young lady just barely in her teens. When it was time for them to leave, I escorted her home, and this was the way I met my wife. It is needless for me to say that my stay in Winchester was the most delightful part of my army experience.

Of course, after the battle of Gettysburg, Lee was

soon back in Virginia and we were again on the march for the Rapidan, where we again confronted the Union army, now under General Meade. We soon went into winter quarters at Sommersville's Ford. Here, the night before Christmas, a man from Company F who was in the guard house escaped and went twenty miles overland and I was detailed to go after him, so I was soon on the road to his mother's house. There he was sitting by the fire. I ordered him out but he refused to come so there was nothing to do but to take the guard in and bring him out by force. His old mother (Mrs. Annie Thomas) was in the room with him and as I approached her son, she jerked up the shovel and threw a shovel full of fire and ashes in my face, blinding me and singeing my eyebrows and eyelashes. She had evidently heard of fighting the devil with fire. The guard soon had the old lady by the wrist and I marched the man out and soon had him on the road to camp. She afterwards told some of the neighbors that if I had only been a little later she would have fixed me for she had a kettle of water on the fire but when she put her hand in it, she found it was not hot enough for the purpose. Had it been, she would have thrown it in my eyes instead of the fire.

The February we were in this camp, I had the most delightful recreation of the war. My betrothed wrote me from Winchester that she and several friends

were going on a visit to Dr. Meems's fine home in Shenandoah county and she hoped I would be able to get a furlough and meet them there. Of course I lost no time in applying for leave, which I readily got as I had been in the army three years and this was my first application. I was off as soon as my furlough was received and I reached Dr. Meems's a day or two after the arrival of the young ladies and a most delightful two weeks we spent.

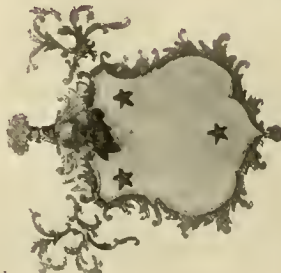
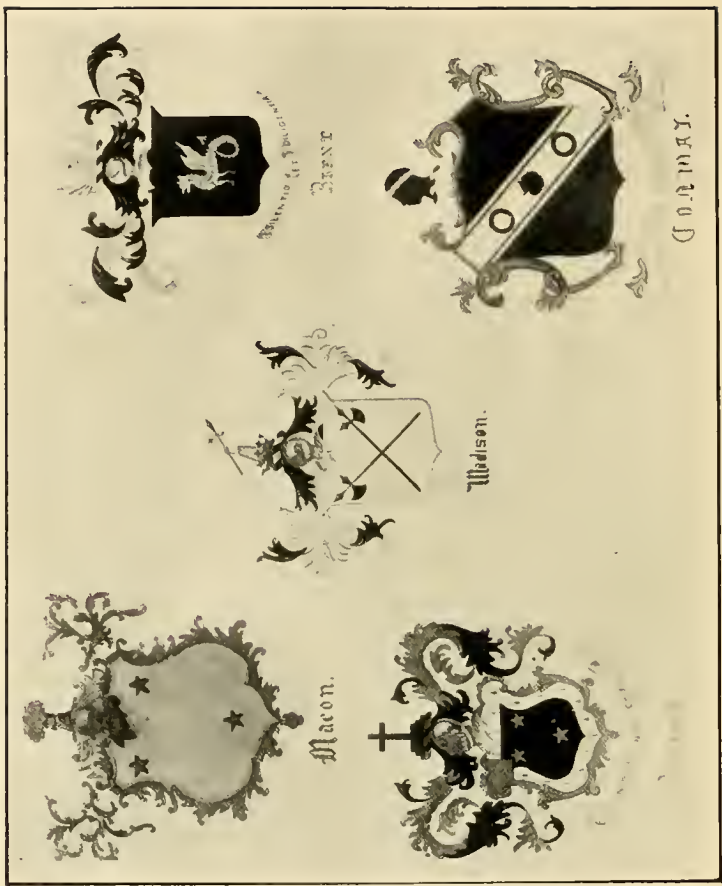
It was a large house and was filled with guests, all young people bent on pleasure, and certainly there never was a bevy of more beautiful ladies under one roof. Misses Betty Gordon and Constance Kearney, of Luray, Misses Amelia and Ella Murphy, of Woodstock, and Misses Fanny Daniel and Nannie O'Bannon, of Jefferson, Misses Lelia Meems and Sallie Lionberger, and last, but by no means least, Misses Kate and Emma Reily, of Winchester.

We remained at Summerville Ford until May when the Union army commenced to advance under Generals Grant and Meade by way of the Wilderness. We, of course, moved to meet them and in a flank movement of General Gordon on the 6th of May, 1864, I received a wound in the shoulder that disabled me for life and is discharging to this day, thirty-three years after the infliction. We lost heavily in this movement, though we carried our point.

Among the prominent officers wounded were my

commander, Brigadier-General John Pegram and Major, now Senator Daniel, who was chief of General Early's staff. I was never in active service after this though I was once or twice with the army arranging to be placed on the retired list, where I was placed the following February with orders to report to General Kemper (after the expiration of my furlough) for conscript duty, but before I had reported, Lee had surrendered and the war was over.

I have written this story, thirty-five years after the time I first entered the army, thinking it might be interesting to some of my descendants after I shall have passed away, but I want them to know it has been written without diary or memorandum of any kind to aid me and I have no doubt, for the want of such reminders, many interesting incidents of my personal experience have been overlooked. I have tried to write in such a way that should it ever be necessary to establish the fact of my being in the Confederate army, my life in it might be traced day by day from the time I entered until the 6th day of May, 1864, when I received the wound that permanently disabled me.



Macon.



Wilson.



Brent



GORMAY.

SOME GENEALOGICAL FACTS RELATING TO THE MACON FAMILY

The earliest known ancestor in America of Reuben Conway Macon was Gideon Macon, of New Kent county, Virginia. He was secretary to Sir William Berkeley, governor of the Virginia colony. He was one of the original subscribers (1678) to the fund raised for the first rebuilding of Bruton Church at Williamsburg, Virginia, and later, a vestryman of that church. He was the great-grandfather of Martha (Dandridge-Custis) Washington.

James Madison, Sr., father of President Madison, was the great-grandfather of Reuben Conway Macon.

The wife of James Madison, Sr., was Nellie Rose Conway.

The grandmother of Reuben Conway Macon on his mother's side was Lucy Barbour.

The mother of Emma Cassandra Riely was Catherine Brent.

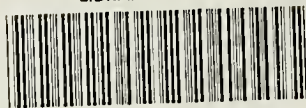
DESCENDANTS OF REUBEN CONWAY
 MACON AND EMMA CASSANDRA
 RIELY MACON

<i>Children</i>	<i>Grandchildren</i>
Reverend Clifton Macon Oakland, California (Janet Bruce)	Margaret Bruce Macon Emma Macon
Emma Brent (Macon) Stair York, Pennsylvania (Jacob Stair)	Jacob Stair, Jr. Virginia Gordon Stair
Kate Conway (Macon) Paul- son Sewickley, Pennsylvania (Frank Gormly Paulson)	Charles Henry Paulson Daniel McKee Paulson
James Conway Macon Sewickley, Pennsylvania (Armistead Taliaferro)	
Latimer Small Macon Orange, Virginia (Milly Slagle)	Latimer Small Macon, Jr. Jacob Slagle Macon
James Riely Macon Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	
Evelyn Madison (Macon-At- wood) Talcott New Rochelle, New York (Henry Dickson Atwood, Deceased) (Harry Pickard Talcott)	Henry Martyn Atwood
Sewickley, Pennsylvania, Decem- ber, 1911 K. C. M. Paulson	

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